Vol 74 #6

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August 9, 1924

Collier's

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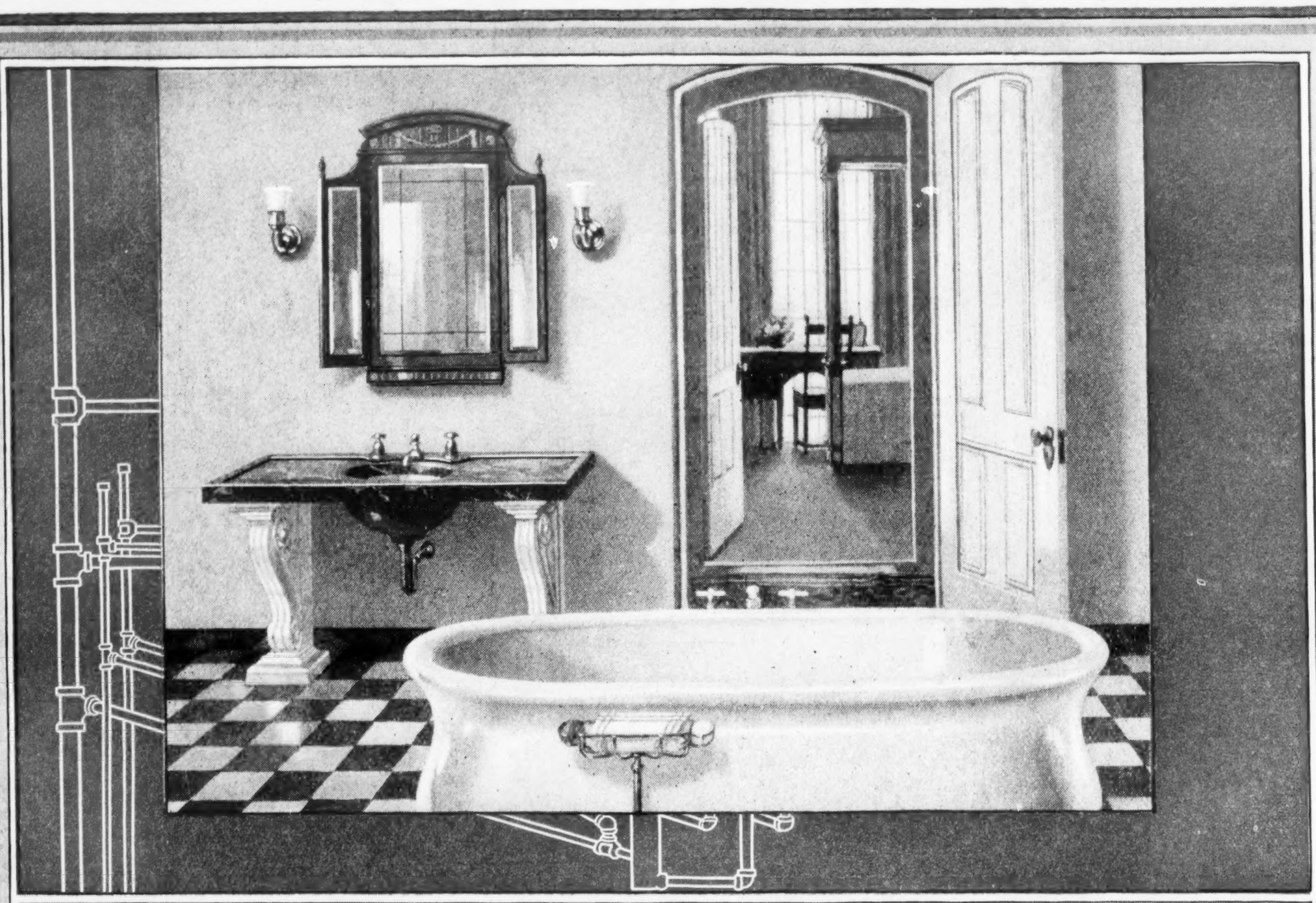

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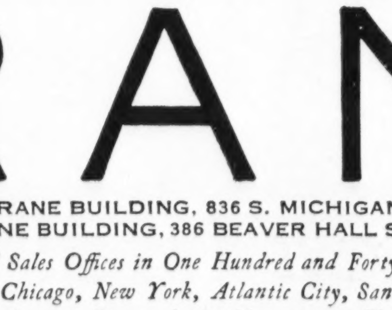

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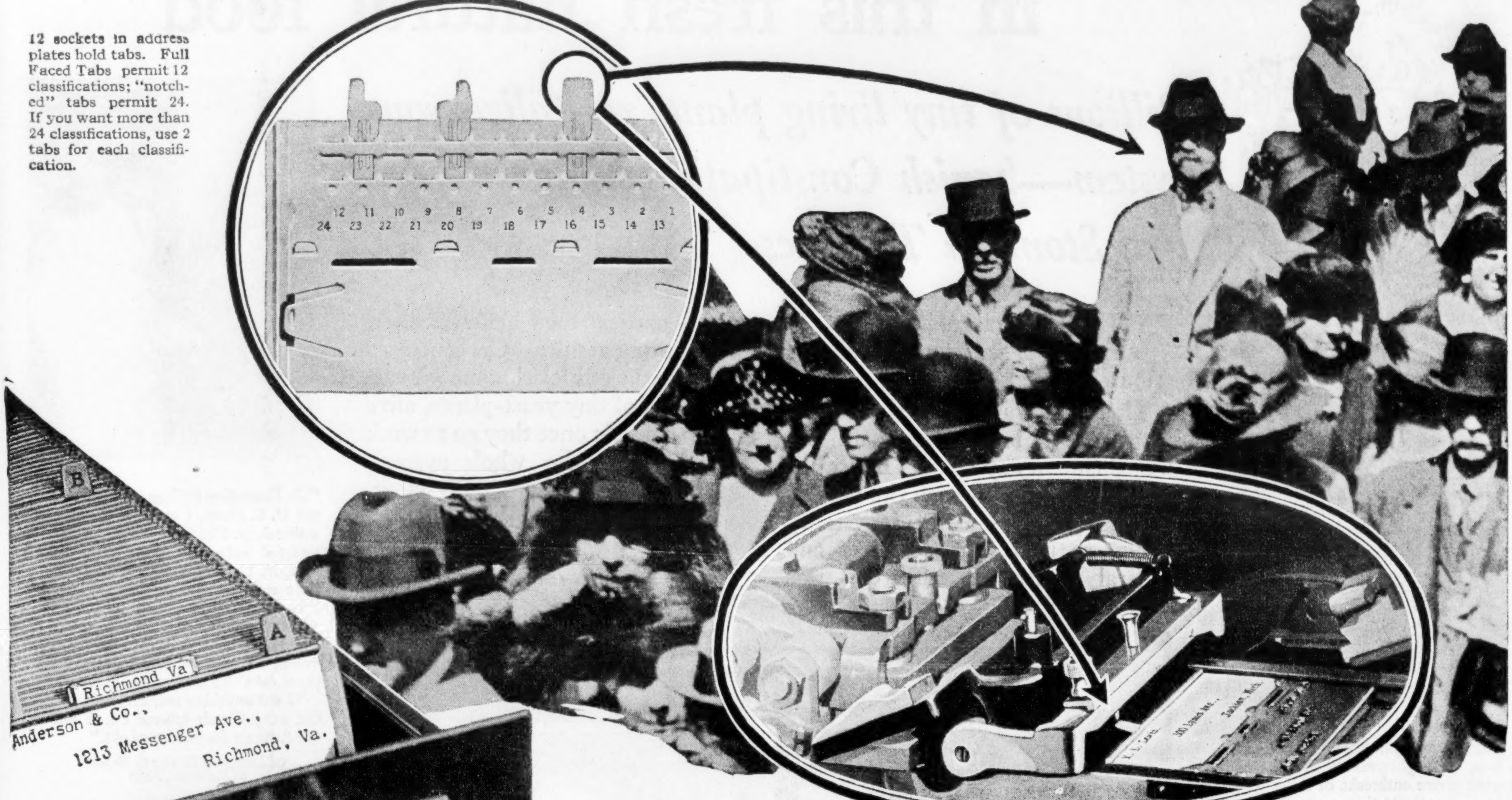

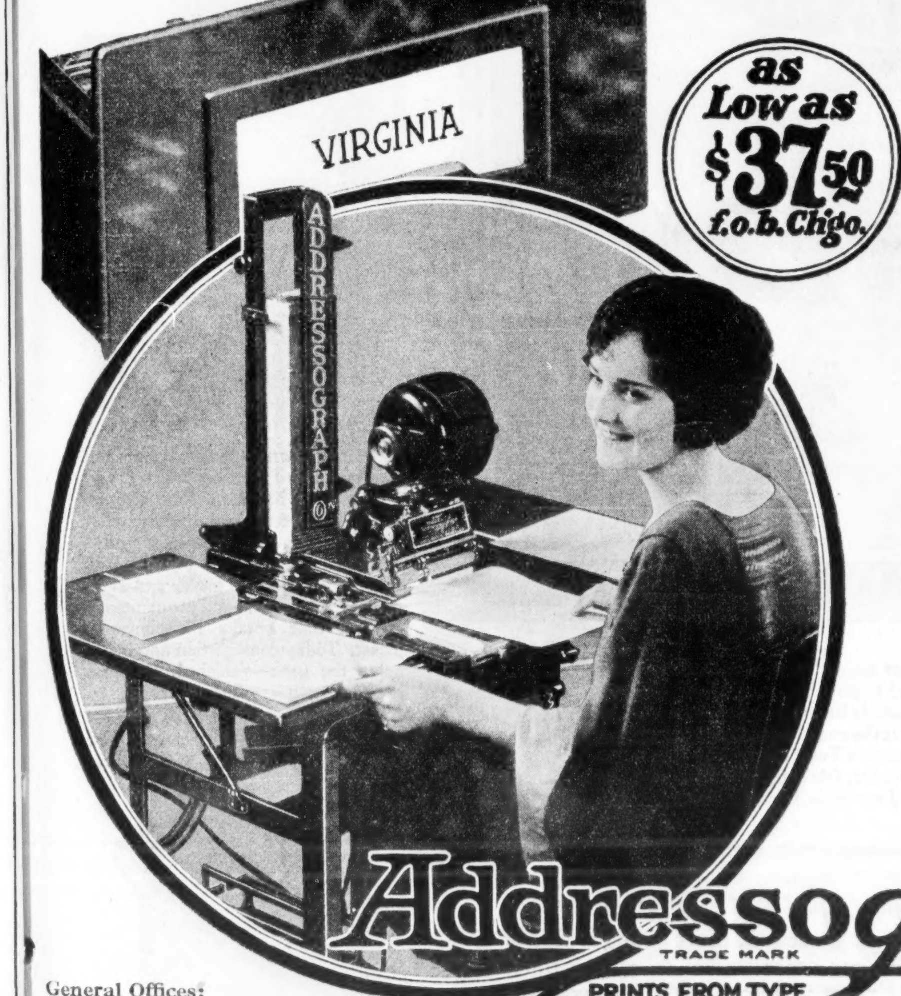

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8-24

Concentrated Energy
in this fresh natural food

Billions of tiny living plants revitalize your system—banish Constipation, Skin, and Stomach Troubles

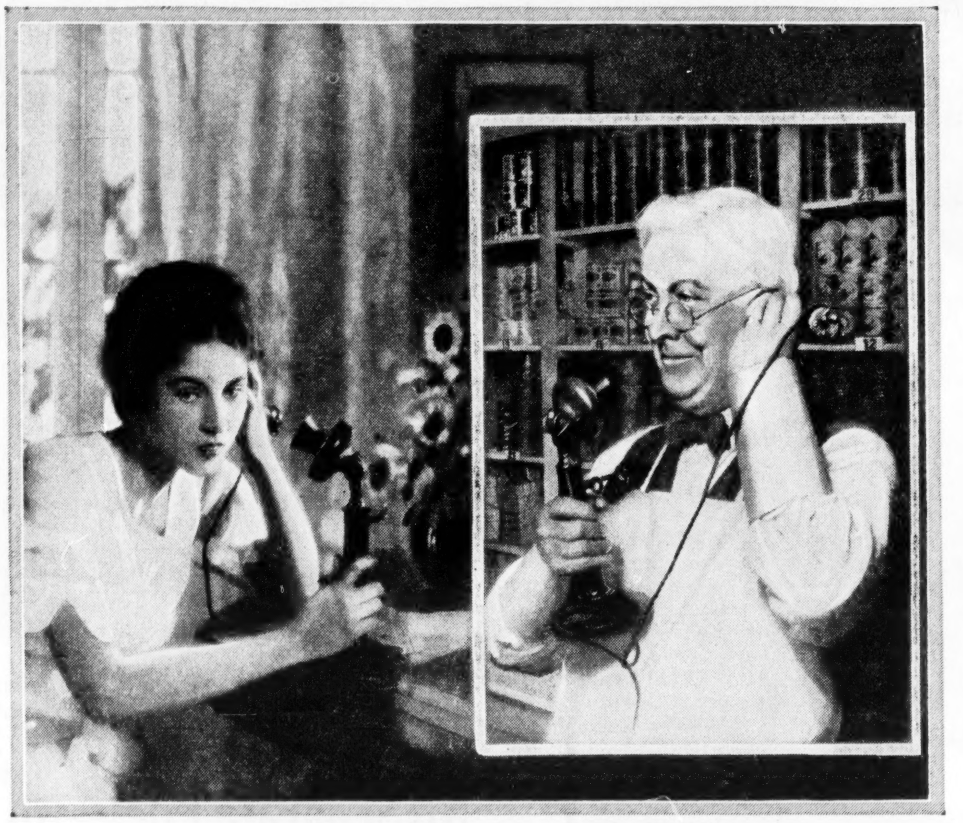
THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are billions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Health is yours once more.

"Our home is in Shanghai, China. There, our eight-year-old Billy began having severe outbreaks of boils. The doctor's treatment there gave relief for a short time only. Then came a stay in America where we began a course of Fleischmann's Yeast, sandwiching the daily cake between layers of sugar cookies. Then did Fleischmann's prove itself, for the boils disappeared and after two years have never returned."

(*Mrs. Julia W. Stafford of Shanghai, China*)



"'And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. Three years ago as a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and by Spring had regained my strength and vivacity. Now I eat Fleischmann's Yeast cakes to keep me feeling 'top notch'."

(*A letter from Mrs. Helen M. Raup, Linthicum Heights, Maryland*)

"I had four children to provide for. My work was laborious and one year's untiring efforts found me very much run down. It was difficult for me to keep on my feet for more than an hour at a time. I was more than willing to do my utmost to provide for my loved ones, but my health interfered.

"I saw an advertisement about Fleischmann's Yeast. Eagerly, enthusiastically, I tried it. I religiously continued the treatment and soon began to feel strong. I am now in perfect health with the bloom of youth in my face. Fleischmann's Yeast has done all this for me."

(*A letter from Mrs. H. Crookhorn of New York City*)

"As Executive Officer and Lieutenant U. S. Navy, I was relieved from active duty. Sick in mind with a pain-tortured body—stomach trouble was so acute I couldn't eat or sleep. My aunt recommended a Fleischmann's Yeast Cake dissolved in water, and I took it to please her. The pain ceased. I had slight return attacks for a few weeks, but each time 'little doctor yeast cake' knocked them out.

"I eat anything now and enjoy it. Old navy friends tell me I look like the Athletic Instructor of old."

(*A letter from Charles C. Beach of Baltimore, Md.*)

"Born with an appetite for fats and sweets, at 40 I was constipated and headachy. I had long since adopted the pill habit as a temporary relief from the ills and discomforts that come with constipation. I was ordered to Hot Springs for baths and rigid diet when a casual hotel acquaintance advised that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. Today constipation and headaches are gone—vanished. I enjoy my food—my eyes are clear and my color good. I have greater zest for work—play—life itself."

(*Mr. E. R. Henderson of Hot Springs, Ark.*)

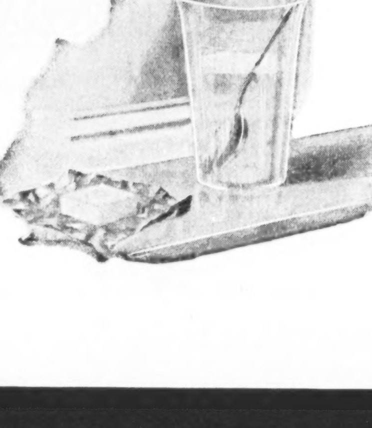
Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. E-7, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



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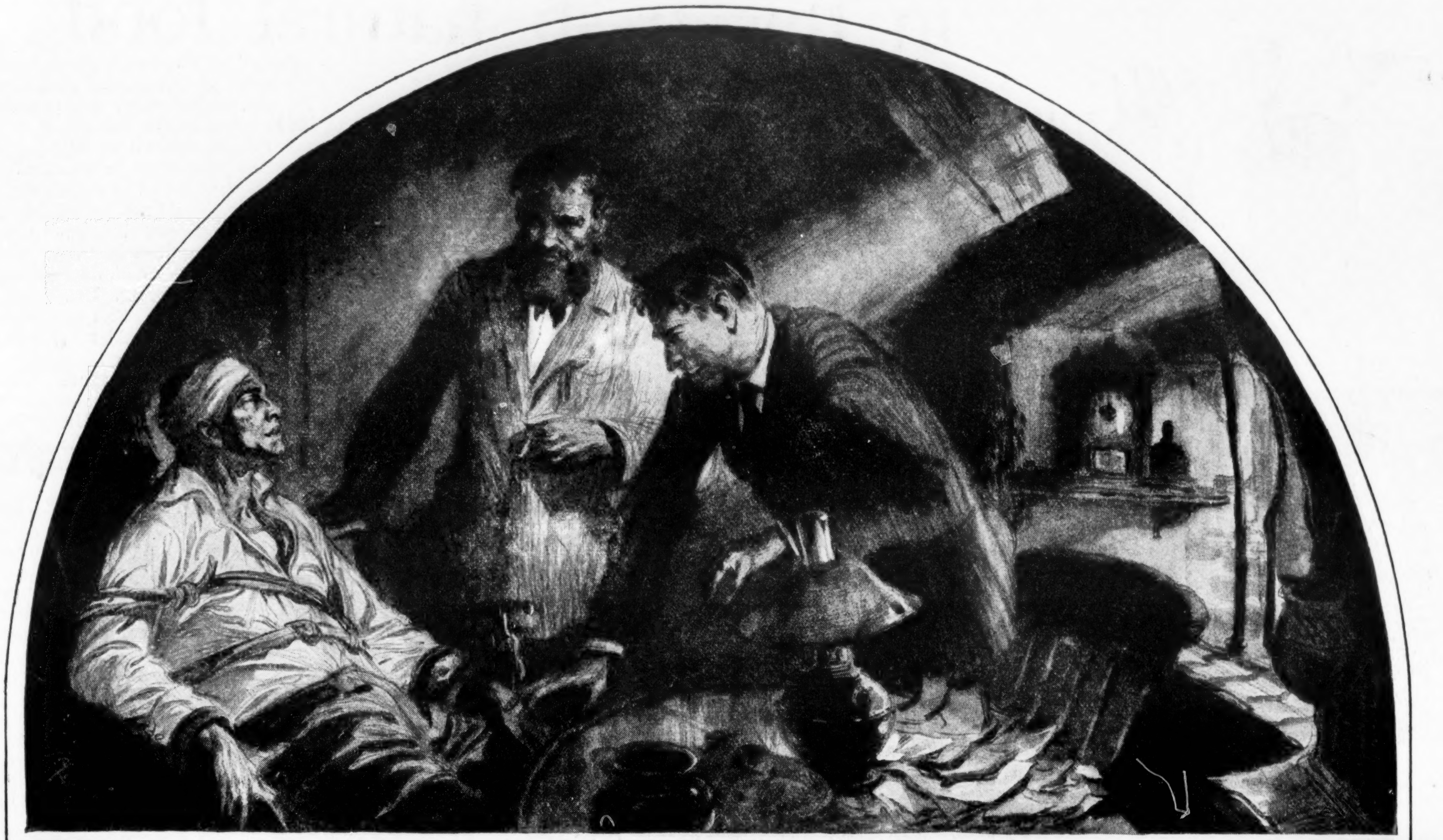
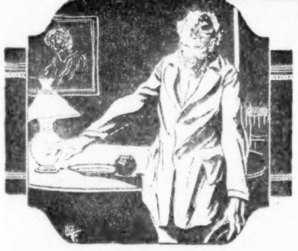


Channing faced his captors, sick with the horror of what was about to happen to him



The Conqueror's Ruby

By Ellis O. Briggs

WHEN the Princess Concorde Sheretbloucova died in November, 1920, there was no court chamberlain to walk with solemn tread through groups of mourning relatives. The end came without the world's knowing. The princess was an unidentified refugee, without a kopeck.

The only person at her bedside at the overcrowded American hospital in Stamboul was a young man—a man with an M. A. degree and a penchant for languages and Byzantine history. They called him in because he could understand Russian.

The American looked at the thin figure lying on the cot. Outside the hospital the everlasting autumn rain was splashing on the dead leaves in the garden.

Suddenly the woman sat upright, her hands twisting themselves into the gray of the blanket, her bony shoulders resting on the young man's supporting palms.

"I know. I am in Constantinople—here—alone. I have a daughter—and she is never with me. Tell me! Is it true?"

"Yes, yes. Lie down again. You will rest more easily."

"Do not order me to lie down—I hear you. But I shall not lie down! I hear other things—more important—ringing in my ears. A moment! Hold me—like that. Ah! The silence of an early morning."

The woman closed her eyes.

"I can hear the falling of the rain. I wonder where she is; my daughter. I call to her—Tamara! But she does not answer me. She was nineteen on the 10th of October. Where is she? Is she warm? Has she enough to eat? She is alive. I hear her voice coming to me faintly—over a great distance. . . ."

There was a long pause.

In the American's arms the body grew taut. "Listen. I hear Tamara's voice. I cannot wait longer. Bring me the dress that I wore when they brought me here!" Her head, with its great mass of ash-colored hair, shook like a withered flower above her wasted shoulders.

"Your knife. Cut here—along the seam."

Into the American's hand the Princess Concorde Sheretbloucova dropped a curious, heavy ring.

". . . in my family for many generations. When I die it belongs to Tamara. You will keep the ring? You will find my daughter—give it to Tamara?"

"I will. Don't be anxious. Lie down now; you will be better in the morning. I shall give her the ring."

Her body sank back, the head shaking from side to side. "Russia. . . . It will be cold. Tamara! With the ring my daughter will be safe. . . . You have promised to find her."

Later in the day, in the Christian cemetery, close to the city of Constantinople, the ground was soft and easy to break. A few fig leaves, scattering damply ahead of the wind, fell into the open grave of an unidentified woman. But that night it was dark along the Bosporus, and two men opened the grave of a princess. For an hour they toiled and talked excitedly in a rasping language that was not Russian.

GEORGE CHANNING was called home to America shortly thereafter. He left the suffering that lies under the quiet of ancient Constantinople with such relief that for some time this feeling entirely outweighed the persistent urges of his conscience.

Then the New York press began to carry stories that tortured his uneasy spirit. One morning he read:

"One hundred and fifty thousand refugees, including hundreds of the old nobility . . . living like rats in cellars. Forced to sell their uniforms, their medals, even their family jewels."

The paper slipped from his grasp, and George Channing stared at the shining sides of the samovar he had purchased so cheaply from one of those refugees. He closed his eyes. A figure moved back and forth against the darkness of closed lids; the figure of a girl with arms stretched toward him, showing her hands, bare of rings. "Tamara! . . . With the ring my daughter will be safe."

And his promise: "Don't be anxious. I shall give her the ring."

He essayed self-justification. It wasn't a real promise: he was trying to comfort a dying woman. Besides, hadn't he done all he could? Hadn't he advertised in the Constantinople newspapers?

Wherever he turned, George Channing saw the emaciated girl of his imagination, with her hands reaching toward him. His distress grew and grew. For weeks he had refused to acknowledge the memory that was now, at the same time, so vivid—the smile of the mother who died in the Stamboul hospital.

Bitterly George Channing examined the heavy band of gold that terminated in two delicately wrought clasped hands. This time he would be very thorough. He pulled from his table drawer a powerful magnifying glass.

THE train which runs east from Vienna to the capital of Rumania was late. The delay annoyed Channing. He wished to register at the United States consulate in Bucharest before the end of business hours.

For some time he sat alone in a first-class carriage. But at Arad, close to the western frontier of Rumania, a man came into his compartment. He was an overdressed, dapper little man, and he shortly produced a printed card which bore the name Michel Arnaoutoglou. His English had almost no accent.

Arnaoutoglou's eyes resembled little ice picks, chill and sharp. They focused on a peculiar gold ring which the American wore. As they focused they became extraordinarily acquisitive.

At the next stop he hurriedly got out and during the ten-minute wait was very busy sending a coded telegram.

When the express finally reached Bucharest, Channing did not enter one of the native hacks. Because the Greek was so courteous the American accepted his offer of a ride to the hotel.

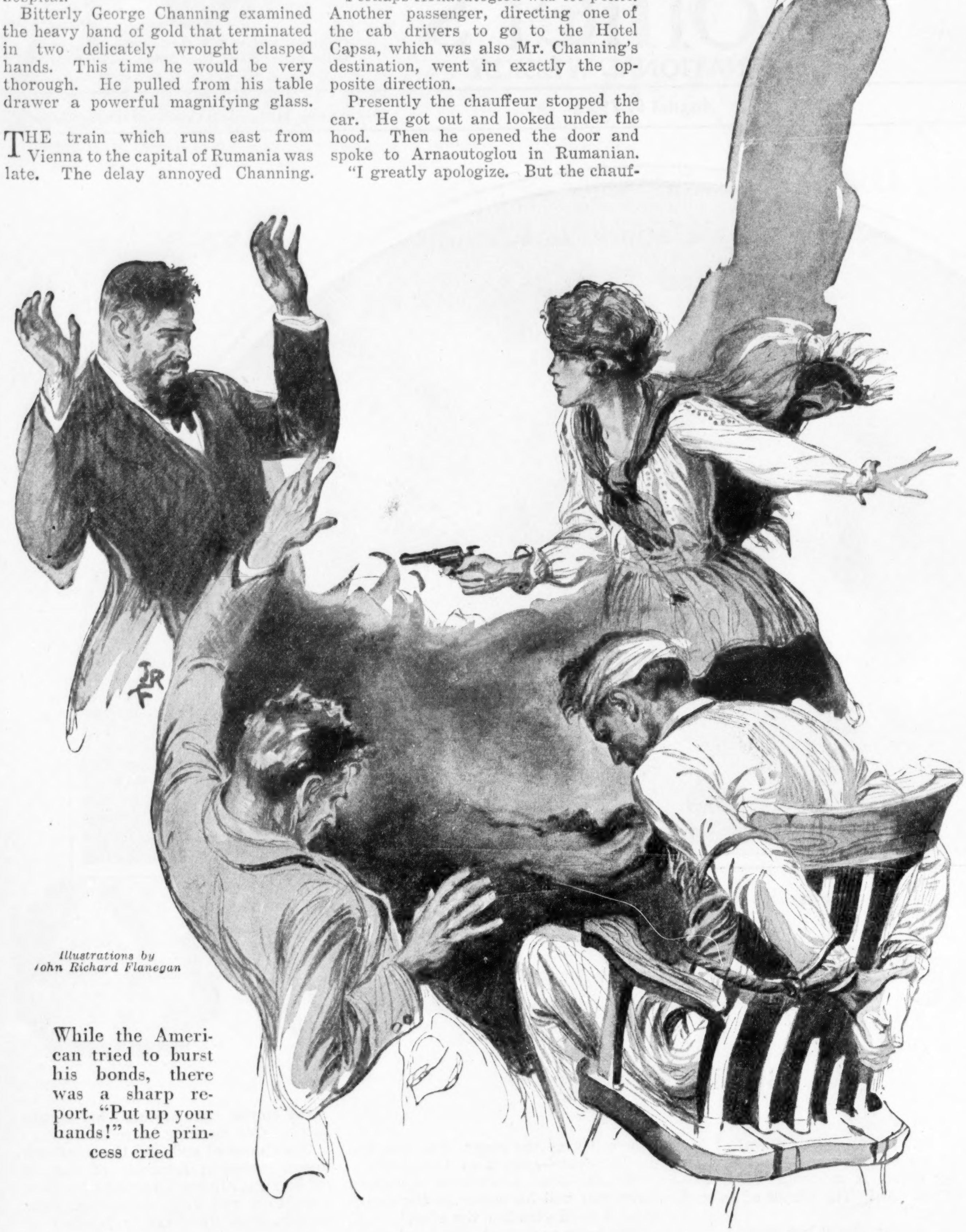
Perhaps Arnaoutoglou was too polite. Another passenger, directing one of the cab drivers to go to the Hotel Capsa, which was also Mr. Channing's destination, went in exactly the opposite direction.

Presently the chauffeur stopped the car. He got out and looked under the hood. Then he opened the door and spoke to Arnaoutoglou in Rumanian.

"I greatly apologize. But the chauffeur says the engine must need a little repair. Tools are beneath this back seat. If you do not mind getting up for a moment—" Arnaoutoglou leaped out.

As the American stooped to avoid knocking his head against the top of the car, Arnaoutoglou made a sudden movement with his arm, the end of which clasped a small black implement. It was weighted with lead. Michel Arnaoutoglou, a man of diverse talents, was an adept in the use of a billy.

The Greek uttered a fervent Levantine oath. When he pulled off Channing's glove, the ring was not on his finger!



Illustrations by John Richard Flanegan

While the American tried to burst his bonds, there was a sharp report. "Put up your hands!" the princess cried

IN THE coolness of a mountain evening, many miles from the sultry heat of Bucharest and the Wallachian plain, George Channing awoke. His brain was fuzzy from the effects of leather and lead and cotton soaked in chloroform.

Far below, in purpling valleys, the sun no longer shone. Yet the ocher shafts still found their way between the peaks, warming the walls of his room, shining through the bars across a single window.

By an effort, the prisoner got to his feet. He staggered to the window and clasped the bars. Gradually, as the fresh air entered his lungs, Channing revived.

Before him was an acre of green grass, close-clipped. Twenty feet away was a huge oak tree, with a well beside it and an old-fashioned pulley arrangement thrown over a branch, with the rusted chains dangling.

The young man felt with gingerly touch the gauze that wrapped his head. Dimly he recalled a jolting ride, with rough hands occasionally changing his position. Then there had been other hands—later—far more gentle. He had a memory of a great mass of hair, bent forward, quite close to him. He was inclined to connect the ministering hands, the golden hair, and the gauze bandage but here his sensations were mixed. There was, however, no doubt about the Greek, the smashing blow on his head, and the jarring ride; they belonged together. As the American stared across the grass, taking deep breaths of the mountain air, a woman crossed the open space to the well.

She stood beside it, fussing with the chains as she made them fast to the bucket. As she worked she frowned, as if dissatisfied with the primitive arrangement of the thing.

"Rather a devil of a nuisance," remarked Channing in Russian.

If he had hoped to startle the woman, his efforts could not have achieved more complete success. She spun about with such velocity that her dark blue skirt flared out like a bell, descending slowly about her bare feet. Utter amazement was in her face. She ran toward his window, bare ankles showing like glimpses of dull ivory.

"You should not stand. Your head is badly hurt!" Her breath touched the prisoner's cheek. Under her hair, that seemed to carry the dusted gold so recently upon the sunset, her eyes were questioning.

"My head's all right," protested Channing. "But where am I? Is this Bulgaria, or Rumania, or your country —Russia?"

"Russia! Hardly," murmured the girl. Her gray eyes went here and there nervously, coming back to meet the ones before her. "You are in Rumania—in the mountains. Go back to bed and try to rest."

The American began to smile. At the tightening of his skin he was aware of a sharp pain in the region under the bandage. "Rest nothing!" he growled. "Perhaps you can tell me why I am in the mountains of Rumania?"

"S-sh-sh!" The fingers between the bars were pressing his wrist. "I do not know why they brought you here. But I hear them in the passage, coming to your room."

SHE was out of sight so quickly that the American stood gazing into the fragrant gloom ahead of him, rubbing his eyes, thinking of the great mass of her hair that he was trying to remember having seen somewhere before.

At the sound of a key being turned in his door, Channing moved hastily back and spread himself on the bed.

"Oh, Michel! This is your prize American who makes the Khan ring vanish under your nose. Once before, I remember, we thought we had it. Ha! He wakes. With that white bandage he looks like an Arab prepared for his journey to Mecca."

George Channing, blinking into the light of a kerosene lamp, felt himself to be staring at Atlas and one of the pygmies. He got up, stiffly, to create the impression of having been sound asleep, and cast no friendly eye upon the black-bearded giant who addressed Mr. Arnaoutoglou in English.

"Sit down again, Mr.— Mr.— What was the name on his passport, Michel?"

"Channing," replied Arnaoutoglou viciously. "George Wilson Channing."

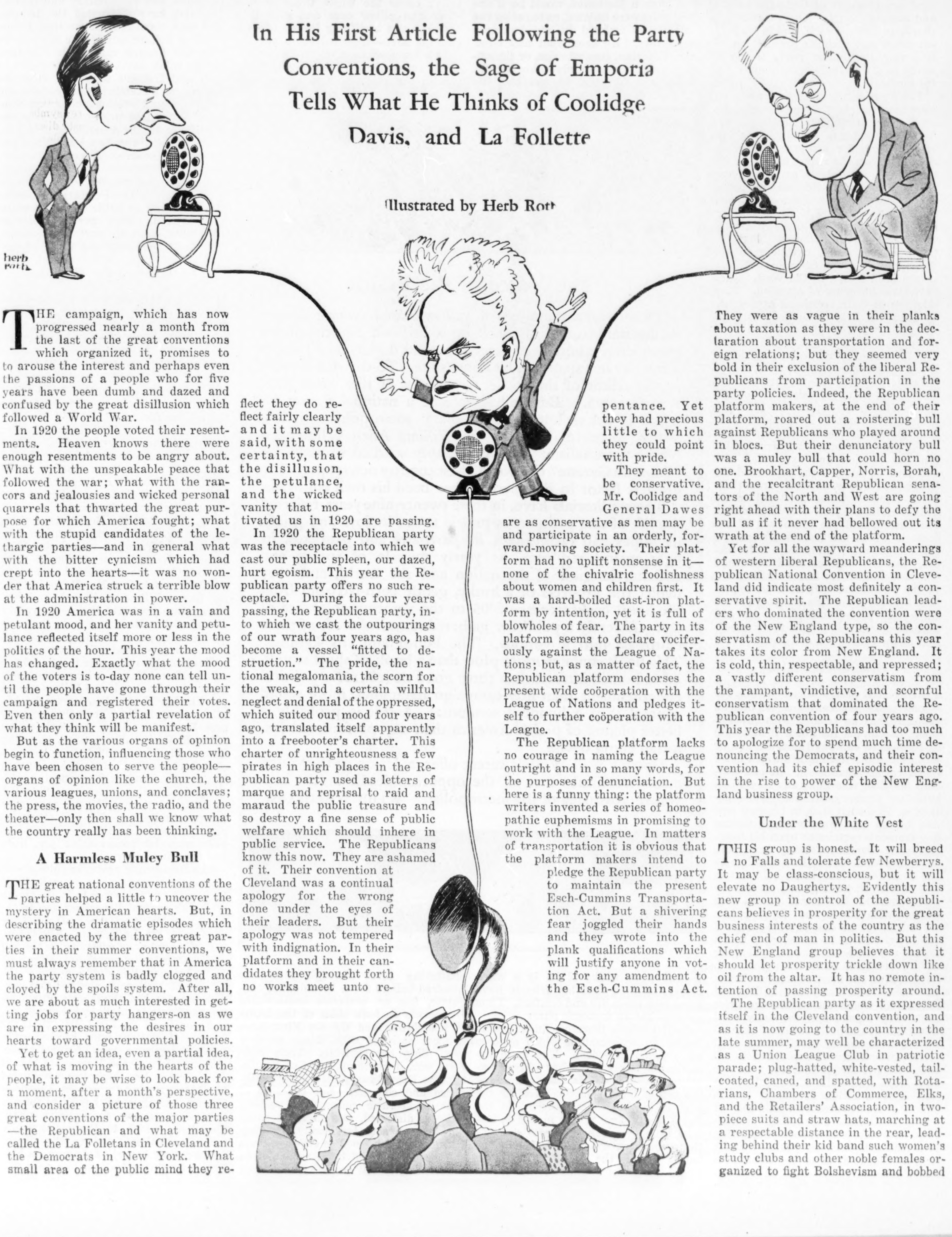
"Of course. Channing. Very good, Mr. Channing, you will attend to me for the moment. This morning you were wearing a gold ring. Frankly, I do not know how you got it. You do not look like a thief. But you should not have been wearing that ring when you met my little friend, Michel. Allow me to inform you that stolen jewelry is not subject to the usual legal procedure. In short, you will tell me where it is."

"Ring?" (Continued on page 24)

William Allen White Sizes 'Em Up

In His First Article Following the Party Conventions, the Sage of Emporia Tells What He Thinks of Coolidge, Davis, and La Follette

Illustrated by Herb Roth



THE campaign, which has now progressed nearly a month from the last of the great conventions which organized it, promises to to arouse the interest and perhaps even the passions of a people who for five years have been dumb and dazed and confused by the great disillusion which followed a World War.

In 1920 the people voted their resentments. Heaven knows there were enough resentments to be angry about. What with the unspeakable peace that followed the war; what with the rancors and jealousies and wicked personal quarrels that thwarted the great purpose for which America fought; what with the stupid candidates of the lethargic parties—and in general what with the bitter cynicism which had crept into the hearts—it was no wonder that America struck a terrible blow at the administration in power.

In 1920 America was in a vain and petulant mood, and her vanity and petulance reflected itself more or less in the politics of the hour. This year the mood has changed. Exactly what the mood of the voters is to-day none can tell until the people have gone through their campaign and registered their votes. Even then only a partial revelation of what they think will be manifest.

But as the various organs of opinion begin to function, influencing those who have been chosen to serve the people—organs of opinion like the church, the various leagues, unions, and conclaves; the press, the movies, the radio, and the theater—only then shall we know what the country really has been thinking.

A Harmless Muley Bull

THE great national conventions of the parties helped a little to uncover the mystery in American hearts. But, in describing the dramatic episodes which were enacted by the three great parties in their summer conventions, we must always remember that in America the party system is badly clogged and cloyed by the spoils system. After all, we are about as much interested in getting jobs for party hangers-on as we are in expressing the desires in our hearts toward governmental policies.

Yet to get an idea, even a partial idea, of what is moving in the hearts of the people, it may be wise to look back for a moment, after a month's perspective, and consider a picture of those three great conventions of the major parties—the Republican and what may be called the La Folletans in Cleveland and the Democrats in New York. What small area of the public mind they reflect they do reflect fairly clearly and it may be said, with some certainty, that the disillusion, the petulance, and the wicked vanity that motivated us in 1920 are passing.

In 1920 the Republican party was the receptacle into which we cast our public spleen, our dazed, hurt egoism. This year the Republican party offers no such receptacle. During the four years passing, the Republican party, into which we cast the outpourings of our wrath four years ago, has become a vessel "fitted to destruction." The pride, the national megalomania, the scorn for the weak, and a certain willful neglect and denial of the oppressed, which suited our mood four years ago, translated itself apparently into a freebooter's charter. This charter of unrighteousness a few pirates in high places in the Republican party used as letters of marque and reprisal to raid and maraud the public treasure and so destroy a fine sense of public welfare which should inhere in public service. The Republicans know this now. They are ashamed of it. Their convention at Cleveland was a continual apology for the wrong done under the eyes of their leaders. But their apology was not tempered with indignation. In their platform and in their candidates they brought forth no works meet unto repentance. Yet they had precious little to which they could point with pride.

They meant to be conservative. Mr. Coolidge and General Dawes are as conservative as men may be and participate in an orderly, forward-moving society. Their platform had no uplift nonsense in it—none of the chivalric foolishness about women and children first. It was a hard-boiled cast-iron platform by intention, yet it is full of blowholes of fear. The party in its platform seems to declare vociferously against the League of Nations; but, as a matter of fact, the Republican platform endorses the present wide coöperation with the League of Nations and pledges itself to further coöperation with the League.

The Republican platform lacks no courage in naming the League outright and in so many words, for the purposes of denunciation. But here is a funny thing: the platform writers invented a series of homeopathic euphemisms in promising to work with the League. In matters of transportation it is obvious that the platform makers intend to pledge the Republican party to maintain the present Esch-Cummins Transportation Act. But a shivering fear joggled their hands and they wrote into the plank qualifications which will justify anyone in voting for any amendment to the Esch-Cummins Act. They were as vague in their planks about taxation as they were in the declaration about transportation and foreign relations; but they seemed very bold in their exclusion of the liberal Republicans from participation in the party policies. Indeed, the Republican platform makers, at the end of their platform, roared out a roistering bull against Republicans who played around in blocs. But their denunciatory bull was a muley bull that could horn no one. Brookhart, Capper, Norris, Borah, and the recalcitrant Republican senators of the North and West are going right ahead with their plans to defy the bull as if it never had bellowed out its wrath at the end of the platform.

Yet for all the wayward meanderings of western liberal Republicans, the Republican National Convention in Cleveland did indicate most definitely a conservative spirit. The Republican leaders who dominated the convention were of the New England type, so the conservatism of the Republicans this year takes its color from New England. It is cold, thin, respectable, and repressed; a vastly different conservatism from the rampant, vindictive, and scornful conservatism that dominated the Republican convention of four years ago. This year the Republicans had too much to apologize for to spend much time denouncing the Democrats, and their convention had its chief episodic interest in the rise to power of the New England business group.

Under the White Vest

THIS group is honest. It will breed no Falls and tolerate few Newberrys. It may be class-conscious, but it will elevate no Daughertys. Evidently this new group in control of the Republicans believes in prosperity for the great business interests of the country as the chief end of man in politics. But this New England group believes that it should let prosperity trickle down like oil from the altar. It has no remote intention of passing prosperity around.

The Republican party as it expressed itself in the Cleveland convention, and as it is now going to the country in the late summer, may well be characterized as a Union League Club in patriotic parade; plug-hatted, white-vested, tail-coated, caned, and spatted, with Rotarians, Chambers of Commerce, Elks, and the Retailers' Association, in two-piece suits and straw hats, marching at a respectable distance in the rear, leading behind their kid band such women's study clubs and other noble females organized to fight Bolshevism and bobbed hair, as may care to join the obsequious and dignified procession. The revelations of the investigating committee at Washington have put under the plug hat and white vest and tail coat of this stern apotheosis of the status quo that most precious gift of God—the humble and contrite heart. All it wants is a chance to redeem itself, and in its present mood and with its present leadership the Republican party in power would be a wise, industrious, and faithful servant.

The Democrats, in their convention, were at every point the perfect antithesis of their Republican neighbors. The Republican party, broadly speaking, and allowing for many exceptions, is recruited from the ruling classes of the land. They are orderly, exact, and purposeful in their intellectual and political processes. The Democrats, also speaking broadly and allowing for perhaps wider exceptions to the rule, come from the governing classes. They are Celtic in the East, cavaliers in the South, and the free, unorganizable, unsurrendered spirits in the West. They have their moments of abandon. They take joy in their emotional expression. So always a Democratic convention at its mildest is full of pomp and ceremony, and at its freest would complicate its ceremony with assassination if it assembled nearer the equator.

Tumult is ever the regular parliamentary order of a Democratic convention, and this convention of 1924 left home with dynamite in its satchel. It had two major issues upon its heart. Prohibition was one. The freedom of religious opinion and expression was another. A minor issue concerned the League of Nations, and aside from these three issues nothing mattered much. This is all in perspective now. A month has passed, and the bitterness of the contests which marked the Democratic convention must inevitably fade and die. But the state of mind and heart which brought these issues to the front in the convention will have an important bearing upon this campaign, even when the issues that flared up and burned so ruthlessly into the proceedings of the convention are gone.

Behold—The Klan

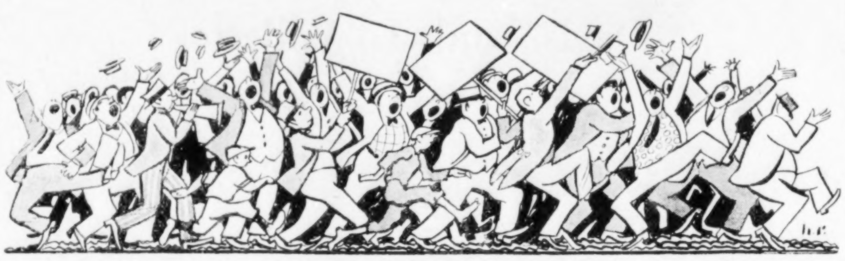
SPEAKING pretty broadly again, for one must generalize, a Republican typically has no trouble with prohibition. He can get his liquor if he wants it, because he can pay the price, and he has a lot of interests in life which make liquor rather extraneous. He can worship his God, who generally is a Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Episcopalian, or Methodist God, in his own pew and in his own way, without finding any economic restriction upon his faith. But your Democrat, being emotional, being anywhere from the bread line to the governor's office, being half or two thirds Irish in the city and a southern gentleman in the rural states, has trouble with his liquor. It costs him too much. If he can pay the price in money, the price in self-respect which he pays when he sneaks it, by buying of a bootlegger, sears his proud soul.

And, also, one must remember that in the Democratic party are millions of citizens to whom the prohibitive price of bootleg liquor, and the daily need to get out of the dull routine of circumscribed lives, makes prohibition a vital issue. And there is opposition to all this. Do not forget that out west are vast areas where the successful operation of prohibition for from ten to twenty years has created a solid body of public sentiment, supporting prohibition. Therefore to oppose prohibition in a national platform would virtually turn thousands of deserving Democrats out of office. So the clash on prohibition, in the Democratic platform, came out of reality, and not out of a political fiction.

The economic position of millions of Democrats also is affected by their religion. Your Catholic is no more clannish than a Methodist would be if the Methodist were isolated, as too often the Catholic is isolated in an American community. He does what any other man, Rotarian, Presbyterian, or Scotchman, would do; he stands by his friends. If he is a foreman, he sees that his friends have work; if he is a ward leader, he sees that his friends have jobs; jobs mean life and comfort. Thus religion has an economic phase.

Your Catholic therefore finds himself facing an organization which opposes his religious freedom. The same organization meets in the Jew a keen competitor, who also lets his feeling for the ties of blood sometimes temper the edge of his bargaining sword. In the South the negro, rising in the industrial scale, demanding a larger share in the civilization which he is helping to build, meets the southern cracker. There the economic phase of life translates itself into a social statement of the case. Mix up all this jealousy with ignorance, bigotry, and the blind yearnings of a neglected social and economic class—white Protestant and native-born—aspiring to be somebody politically; cover the whole thing with a sheet and pillow case and give it a pompous and terrifying jargon and behold the Klan—the Ku Klux Klan!

This tremendous clash in the Democratic convention, therefore, which began in the platform and lasted with shattering force through over one hundred ballots for a Presidential candidate, has an economic basis. The Democrats on both sides of the issues of prohibition and the Ku Klux Klan are not satisfied with things as they are. They are aspiring. Their platform was, if anything, a cut or two below the Republican platform in intelligence and courage. But the soul of that Democratic convention, possibly twisted, distorted, and in large areas dull, was a soul terrifically aspiring. It represented a mood so different from the mood expressed by the Republican convention, that it seemed to come out of another country, and another time, and possibly another race.

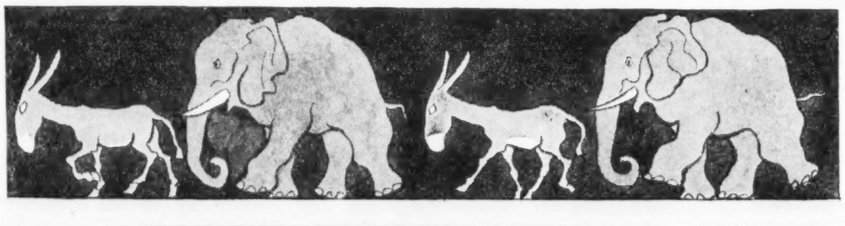


The Voice of the Prairie

Twenty-nine years ago a yellow-haired young Kansan deliberately turned his back on a brilliant big city newspaper career, borrowed three thousand dollars, and bought a country newspaper in his home state. To-day that Kansan is still editor of that same newspaper in that same little Kansas town. But he has become a national figure; his paper is better known than many metropolitan dailies. Why? Because not once has William Allen White aped big city journalism. He has simply worked to make his "Emporia Gazette" the world's best country newspaper. The greatest factor in that success has been his own editorials.

These editorials have, in these twenty-nine years, reflected the life of that prosperous prairie town, its joys and griefs, its hopes and disillusions, its pawpaws aud pancakes, its fight against red rum, its yearly miracle of spring and autumn, its view of the nation and the world, and they depict the progress of a husky, gentle corn-fed soul from the brash cocksureness of '95 to the vigorous tolerance of '24. Recently a publisher gathered some hundreds of these editorials into a volume, "The Editor and His People." This book contains more plots than a book of short stories, more human interest than three good novels, more political enlightenment than fifty campaign harangues, more sound counsel than a hundred sermons. And it is probably a better picture of prairie America than any professional historian could devise.

Doesn't Will White's career offer a lesson to the young man who thinks that all the opportunities lie at the canyoned crossroads of the metropolis? WEBB WALDRON.



The issue for the League of Nations, which was for a few hours so vital in the Democratic convention, arose from mixed motives. The Irish and the Germans, naturally hating and fearing England, have distrusted the League, and with thousands of western Democrats a feeling hung over from 1920 that the League caused their defeat. On the other hand, millions of business men and farmers have felt that the League, as a stabilizing power in world politics, would reëstablish normal commerce, stimulate prices, and make the world safe for the American dollar. So, more or less, the League of Nations issue was economic. The whole turmoil, confusion, bickering, baiting, howling, and hating that marked a dozen climactic moments in the Democratic convention were not so futile and fatuous as they seemed. They were symbols of social and economic unrest, discontent, high hopes for better and nobler things.

La Follette, the Crusader

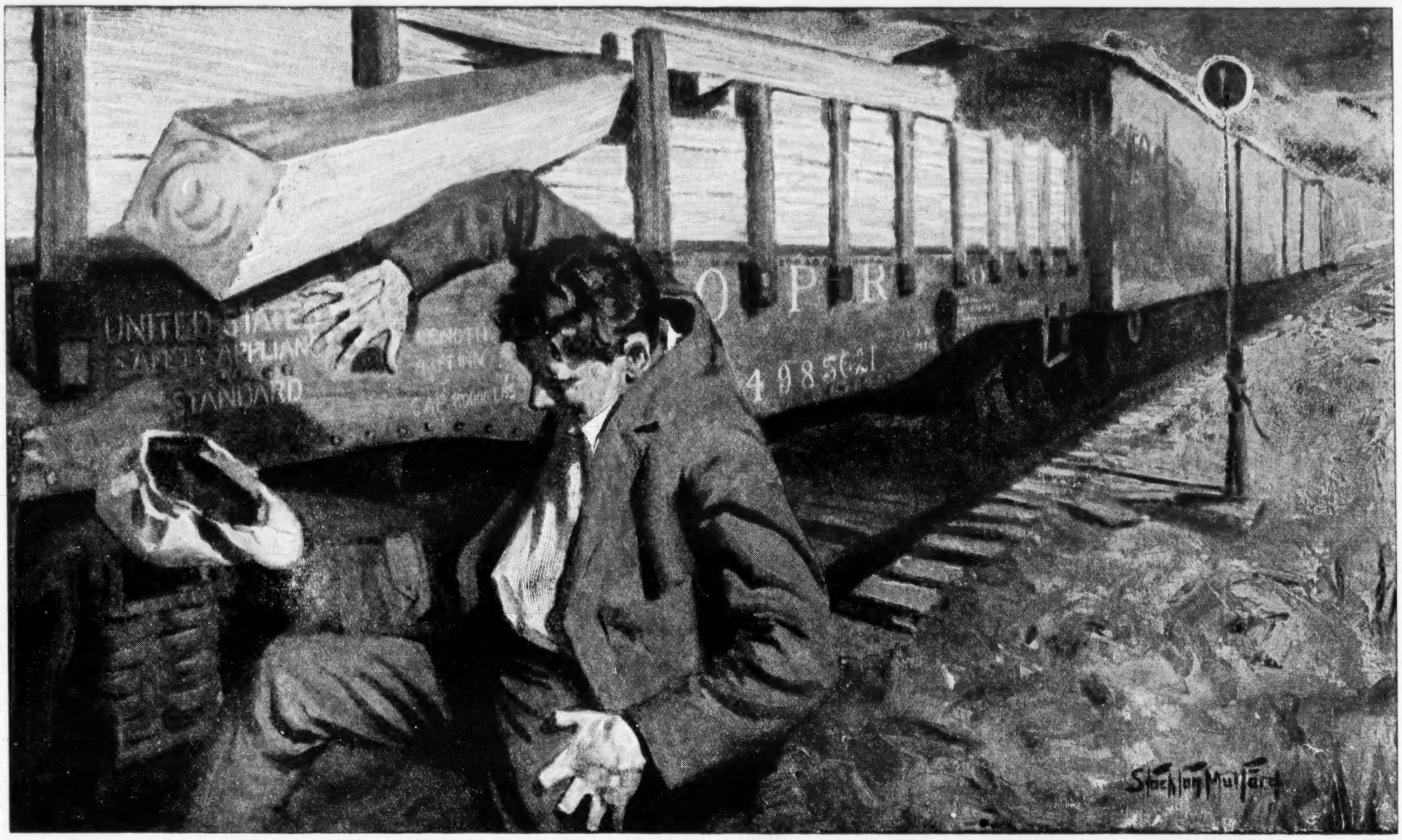
THE Republicans were consistent in nominating their ticket. Coolidge and Dawes are perfect expressions of the spirit that prevailed at the Republican convention. They stand exactly for the policies which the leaders of that convention, the New England group, expect to return to a grateful nation, if it shall do itself the honor to accept the Republican dictum.

The Democrats, in their nomination, expressed themselves, at the end of "long days of labor and nights devoid of ease," in nominees who perfectly typified the unrest and confusion and high visioning that characterized the Democratic convention.

Mr. Davis and Mr. Bryan stand poles apart. Mr. Davis, mythically, is a conservative. Mr. Bryan was elected Governor of Nebraska as a liberal. Yet scarcely has the summer deepened to early August before Mr. Davis is talking like a Wilsonian liberal, and Mr. Bryan like a wistful little stepbrother of the rich. It is apparent that the Democratic party, working with the yeast of a great and still unseen vision, will try in this campaign to attract the mildly liberal forces which were scattered when Roosevelt and Wilson passed on. The hard-boiled Democratic friends of the party in New York City who expect Davis to follow the path where Alton B. Parker disappeared, pursuing Grover Cleveland, will have a moment of sad awakening before the campaign is over. Mr. Davis will be uttering seriously such taboo words as "ideals," "nobility of purpose," "the open door of opportunity for all," and other expressions which to the closed mind of your material conservative are little less than indecency.

The Democratic party, in spite of the tremendous pressure of a normally Tory East, will try to gather to it the forces of middle-ground liberalism, too impatient for Mr. Coolidge and not agile enough for Mr. La Follette. The Democratic campaign, of necessity, in the end will advocate international altruism: first, because its platform upon the League of Nations is absurd; and, second, because Mr. Davis as a Presidential candidate is intelligent, courageous, and convinced in his belief that the League of Nations must become eventually the great agency of world peace.

At the left of the Democrats stands La Follette. For thirty years his name has been growing famous in American politics, and always it has stood for one thing—courageous, constructive ultra-liberalism, which to the conservative seems radicalism, and to the liberal seems merely hasty! This year La Follette is leading (*Continued on page 27*)



Dugan ran alongside to jump the caboose. But a load of timbers was slipping, and one of them took a swipe at him

Thinkers' Holiday

By Calvin Johnston

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

ON a raw October afternoon, with its shrill, drifting wind and wandering snowflakes, the railroad yards were black and desolate as the lava beds of Funeral Mountain. The box shanty of the crossing flagman, with its tin sheet-iron heater, appeared to the boomer brakeman the most hospitable place he had ever seen, but like all boomers, being unsure of a welcome, he cautiously flattened his big red face against the square of glass to reconnoiter. Immediately he was transfixed by the sunken blue eye of the ancient watchman who, seated on his stool beyond the heater, gave no other sign of life than the irritable wagging of his chin whiskers beneath his chew of Virginia twist.

The boomer's coat was thin, the wind searching; he felt that this inhospitable world would soon count another casualty from cold and tobacco hunger if he could not break into the shanty that had the irresistible charm of a fairy tavern in a perilous wilderness. A single lurch took him around the corner and into the door like a great rabbit scuttling into its hutch, and spreading his hands to the heater, he averred huskily: "I'm glad you motioned me to come in, old-timer."

The watchman sniffed at this bluff, which he disdained to call. The date being about the third before pay day, he had been expecting his acquaintance, who would have no other place to go.

The boomer scrutinized him with growing concern. "You're bothered; I can see it plain," he said. "Who's been starting something around here? Show him to me, that's all." But this bluff, of scowl and doubled fist for the watchman's enemy, also failed to get over.

But when he took out a pack of greasy cards and seated himself with a box between them, his host weakened and reluctantly counted beans out of a box for chips. The visitor, during the first hour's play, fingered his pipe in his pocket longingly, but made no rash approaches; both played cautiously, stopping at intervals to flag a train, but after a particularly cold blast had followed them in and the boomer fired the heater to a cherry red, the lid suddenly flew off the game.

"A thousand I raise," said the watchman.

"A million," answered the brakeman, with spirit.

The ancient wagged his chin whiskers craftily above his palmed cards. "A quadrillion, y'piker."

A terrific mental struggle was reflected in the twisted features of the boomer; then, fearful of the strain he was putting on his faculties, he laid down resignedly. "You educated old coyote," he said.

" 'Twas really gambling to see which of us held the best eddycation," admitted the watchman. There was the careless triumph of a man used to honors in the air with which he crushed a twist of Virginia and filled his pipe. "Never," he continued confidentially, "have I known a roadman who could call me on the higher mental arithmetic—though," he admitted modestly, "Cornelius Dugan of the old P. D. knew more of the humanology."

The boomer nodded interestedly. "I would like to hear the particulars of him." He took out his own pipe and, after an absent fumble through empty pockets, held out his hand.

The watchman frowned as he trusted him with the warning, " 'Tis old Virginia twist and strong;" but there was already the glitter in his frosty, sunken eye, of the old-timer who must tell his tale however he has to bribe a listener:

ONCE on a time there was a day like this as one bean is like another, only sprinkling rain instead of snow, y'understand, the month being August. And at the edge of a wood off the P. D. right of way, Con Dugan sat smoking his pipe and brushing up on his eddycation before hitting Superintendent Rivets at Barlow, down the line, for a position as brakeman. And do not misunderstand that Cornelius Dugan was a boomer because of getting tired, fired, or intoxicated; 'twas only because of his necessity to think apart instead of all together as they do on a railroad when the boss gives the word however little he may know what he is saying. 'Twas to meditate on the ology of humanity he boomed.

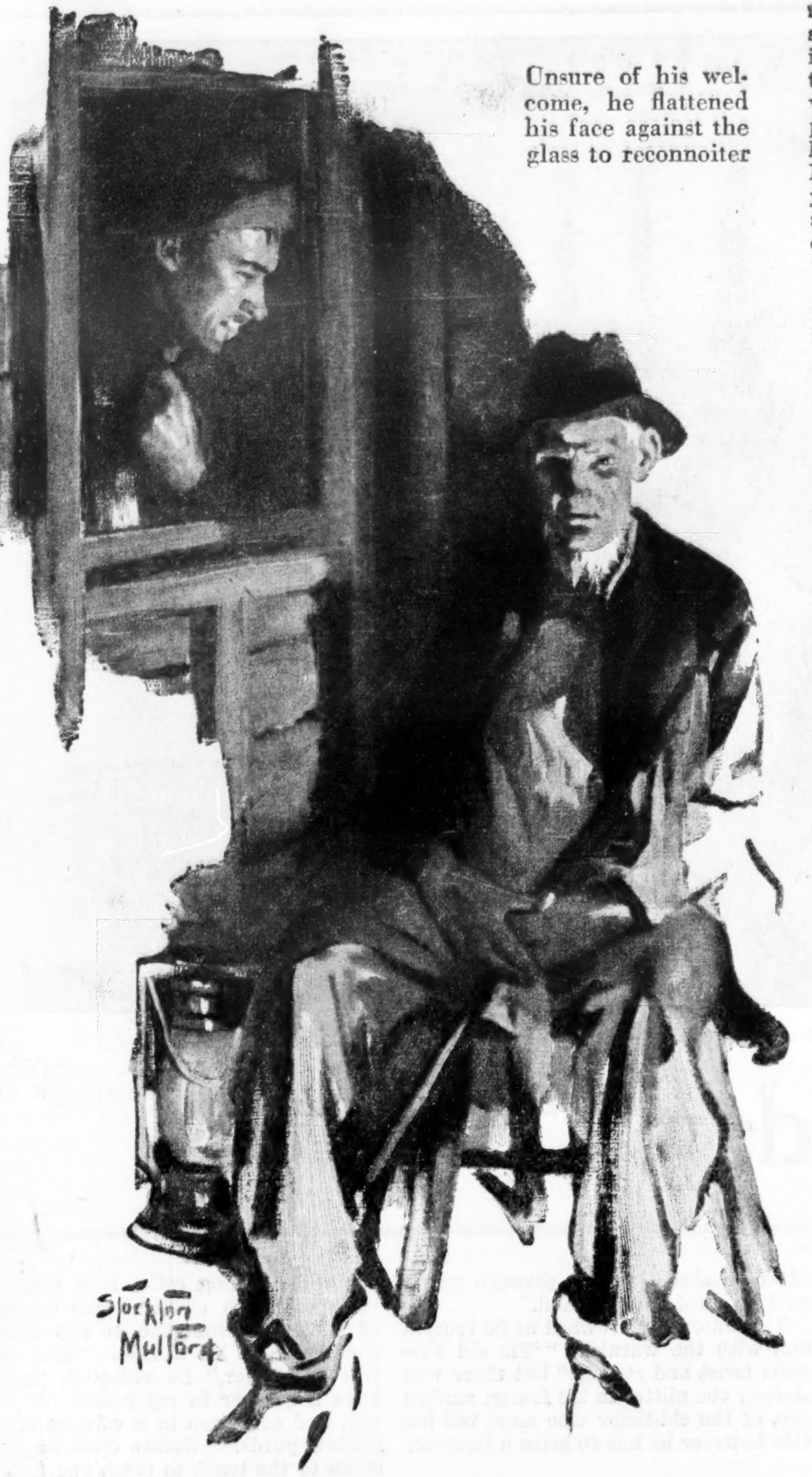
So he resigned often, which never seemed to make him unpopular with his boss, and only by the personal record clerks of the United States was he hated, for he had the largest collection of job references in the country. And though a boomer, it may be pointed out that he was a man of means, never being obliged to panhandle the crossing flagman for tobacco, and always with the prospect of accumulating a competence by keeping brushed up on his thinking, which indeed happened on the day like this I am telling you about.

Well, he was smoking by his camp fire while boiling coffee in a can, and had posted up on the train schedule of that run from one of the twenty time cards in his clothes. "This meal will be dinner," he reflected, "and I have a quarter in my pocket for supper, and can sleep in a caboose in the Barlow yards." Before dusk he went down to the track to catch the freight train 26 as scheduled and, as it showed no sign of stopping, ran alongside to jump the caboose. And there he had one of the closest calls death ever gave him, for a load of big bridge timbers midway the train was slipping, and one of them sticking out took a swipe at Dugan that fanned the cap off his head, and for a moment he thought that the hair had gone along with it.

Dugan picked himself out of the ditch and considered, cocking his ear to a roll of thunder which came over the prairie, and putting a curse on Superintendent Rivets for employing a bridge crew who loaded timbers like jack straws. Trains were few in those days and there would not be another till midnight; in the meantime a thunderstorm was scheduled, and this spot, so pleasant to spend the summer daylight in, would be black and wild as the pit.

"Even if I braved the storm, 'twould be too risky to board a train running twenty an hour in the slippery dark," decided Dugan, who, reckless veteran as he was, did not spend whole weeks in thought to no purpose at all.

So, Barlow being only six or seven miles east, he struck out along the track. The storm, catching up betimes, battered him and roared at him, and he had, besides, the bitter reflection that



Unsure of his welcome, he flattened his face against the glass to reconnoiter

he was suffering all this, not to escape work, but to seek it.

Now, though a philosopher can do as he pleases because of reason, Con Dugan was no vengeful man in spite of his curses. But when the means of revenge on Rivets and the bridge gang were thrust into his hand by the fiend who does not go off the job the stormiest night, he did not refuse it. He had been some minutes in sight of Barlow and was looking with the envy of a storm-beaten wanderer at the friendly light in a cottage window near the track, when he suddenly came on the consequences of that bridge timber's sticking out of the train.

"Glory be, but after missing me by a hair, it took out its spite on this whistle post," said Dugan. In fact, the post gleaming white in the lightning, stood like a ghost suffering from a haymaker—not flat, y'understand, for nobody ever saw a ghost lying down—but far out of plumb, which would not be contrary to their nature.

'Tis no doubt that the opportunity woke all the worst passions of Dugan. "Wurroo," he said, and advanced with clutching hands to complete the work of the bridge timber, and in an instant was in terrific tussle with the post, which had the advantage of most things knocked out, by being planted too deep in the ground to fall.

"Let the engineers look in vain for some place to whistle," said Dugan, and was triumphing over the P. D. for walloping at him with a bridge girder and marooning him in a tornado, when the clear voice of a woman called through a moment's lull and he saw her beckon from the cottage doorway.

NOW, why a woman should call, no Dugan, as men of chivalry, ever paused to consider, but answered immediately, and Con, striding up to the door, was handed an open umbrella that the eaves should not drip on him when entering. 'Twas not the use of the umbrella he appreciated, y'understand, after stumbling and sliding five miles in the cloudburst, and, as a matter of fact, it turned wrong side out as he took it. But 'twas the spirit of humanity, proven by the deed, struck him at the time, and as a student of humanity, he gazed at the trim pleasant-faced lady, who was talking the moment she shut out the thunder to make herself heard.

"I call it polite indeed for Superintendent Rivets to answer my request so promptly," she said, "and yourself devoted to duty to obey his orders in a thunderstorm. 'Twas Jimmy O'Halloran, my husband, Saints rest him," she said with a tear, "who died obeying orders, which was to take out his train on such a night as this. And I would be lacking in gratitude and hospitality not to invite you up to my oil heater to dry out, and drink the coffee I set on the stove immediately I saw you struggling to throw the post which all last night and to-day has made my dooryard a pandemonium, if you know where that is."

"Surely I have been a great traveler," returned Dugan along of his thanks for the heater and the coffee, and the good lady hurried out to the kitchen.

"Oho," said Dugan to himself, listening to the clatter of the cup and saucer, "I have walked into a trap, and there will be no job on this division unless I can cast loose from the crime of the whistle post, which the fiend used to bail me." So, being still out of employ and free to think, he did so till the widow O'Halloran returned with the coffee and a sandwich.

"Perhaps I understand better than yourself," he said, "the importance Mr. Rivets attaches to any request of yours." With that he gave a sly look and immediately understood from the blush of the good-looking widow that he had struck the keynote of the situation.

" 'Tis well known we are acquainted," confessed Mrs. O'Halloran modestly, "and I do not deny that I admire Mr. Rivets both as man and bachelor. But though of high position, he is a lonely man at best and I wrote him with sorrow that either the whistle post or himself must go. "As if, she pointed out, it is necessary for a dirty engineer to stand squalling in my front yard to advertise his coming to Barlow when anybody with ears can hear a P. D. train banging over the rough roadbed two miles."

CON DUGAN nodded, secretly applauding her opinion of the railroad, and, as she talked on, meditated further. "If a friend was to do me an injury, as Rivets has done Mrs. O'Halloran, and then repent and take his injury somewhere else, I would forgive him, as she has done Rivets. But if the friend came back and insisted on my receiving the injury a second time, I would never forgive him."

To put the conclusion to proof he said: " 'Tis not like that the superintendent will change his mind and order the post back."

"If he should," she began in a hard tone, which ended in a laugh. "But of course he would never do that."

" 'Twould be unforgivable," agreed Dugan, and, having finished his coffee, remarked that the storm had passed and he could go home with the knowledge of duty well done.

So he resumed his journey and in a few minutes was at the caboose track in the Barlow yard, and if he had entered a caboose and gone to sleep, the night's adventures would have been over and he would never have won his competence. But 'tis well known that a bum or boomer who never buys a ticket must always inspect the passenger station as soon as he arrives, and Dugan hurried on to the lighted waiting room where two sleepy passengers had left a call with the ticket agent for the ten o'clock eastbound. It was then midnight, and Dugan was about to ask the agent for the latest report so that he could go to sleep in the caboose with nothing on his mind, but just before reaching the window he saw a card ticket under a bench. When he examined it the desire for revenge on the P. D. seized him again, for the ticket was from the station west and covered the track which Dugan had just been walking over. Some conductor had failed to take it up, and the passenger had either lost it or thrown it away.

"To be sure," said Dugan, "I could not have boarded the passenger train from my camp. But what is the sense of rubbing it in, when I have hoofed it through the tornado, to present me with a ticket after I arrive!" Such disgust he had of the whole business as to leave the station without asking a report of the train; as it happened, he did not need to ask, for hardly had he come to the caboose track when he heard it coming.

He heard it roll into the yard and split a switch and take to the ties with a crash about two hundred yards from where he stood.

'Twas quite a shake-up with engine all derailed and coaches askew, but only the smoker turned over. Into this, explored Con Dugan, helping out several passengers in the darkness; as it proved, there was a broken arm and bruises, but only one serious injury which happened in this way.

THE flash of the conductor's lantern when he clambered inside showed only one passenger remaining. "Are y'hurt?" asked the conductor, and Con Dugan stared at him from the corner.

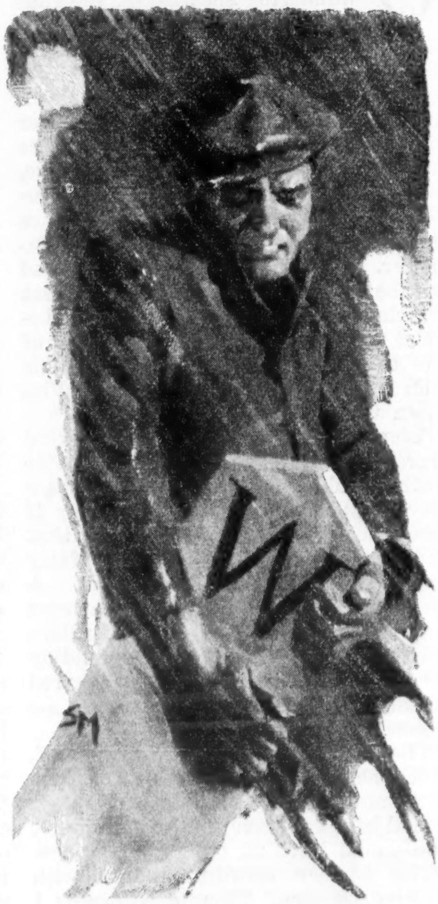
" 'Tis my back," he admitted, and as a result of reflection added: "Ow-w!"

"Remain as you are," said the conductor, and promising a stretcher to get him up to the company doctor's office, scrambled out again.

Presently Con Dugan was thinking. "Here am I, lately only a poor boomer out in the rain, and now honored with a procession of lantern and stretcher bearers."

In those days, there being no hospital, a room back of the doctor's office was fitted up for the entertainment of casualties, and here Dugan was settled with comfort for the night.

Next morning the local agent called on him, and afterward reported to Rivets: "Divil a sign of bruise or break or sprain can doc find in the man Dugan aboard the wreck last night," he said. "He has no fever, and this morning ate (*Continued on page 26*)



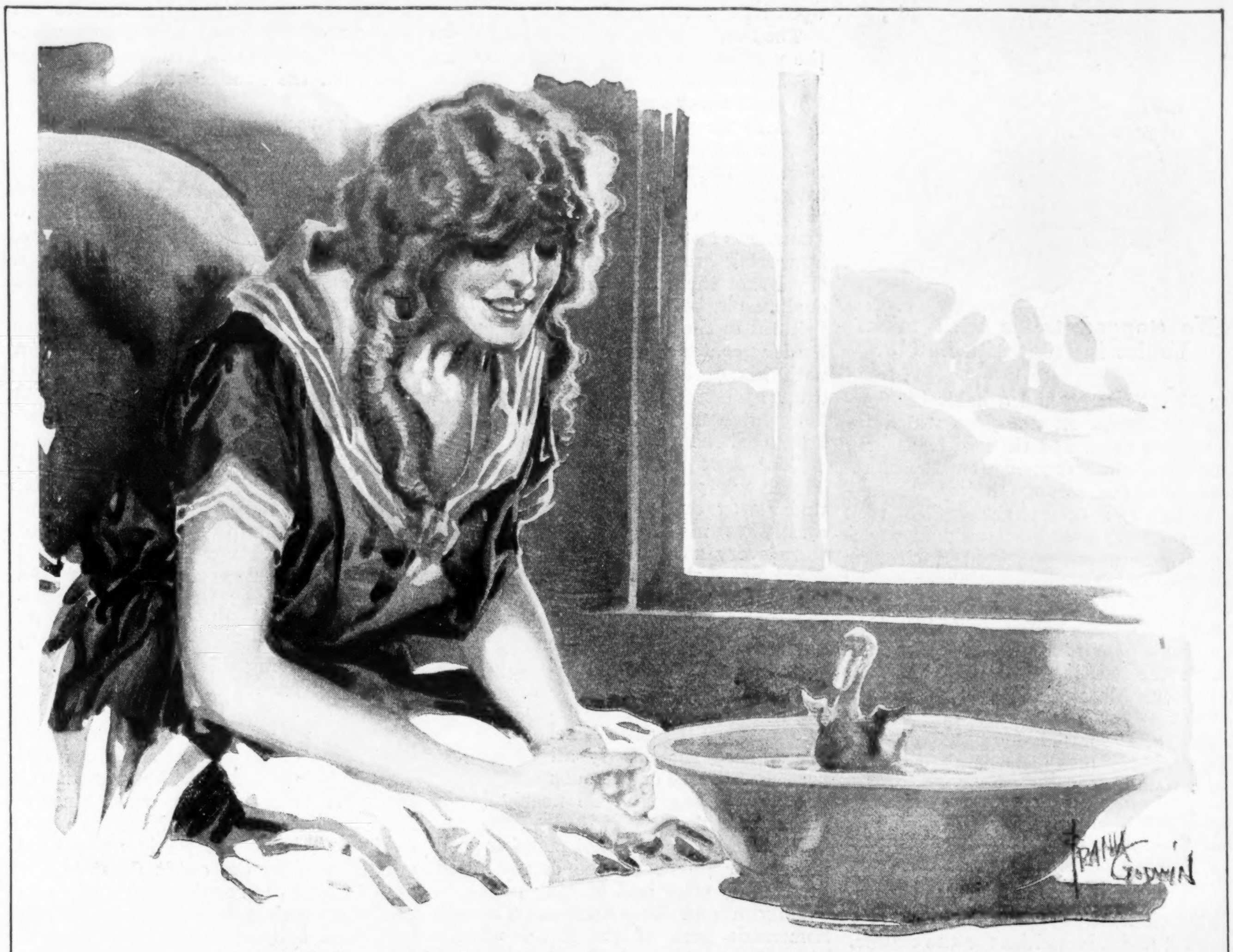
"Wurroo!" he said, tussling with the whistle post

Animal Stuff Gets 'Em Every Time

Friendly Beasts Always Aid the Press Agent In His Hour of Need

By Wells Hawks

Illustrations by
Frank Godwin

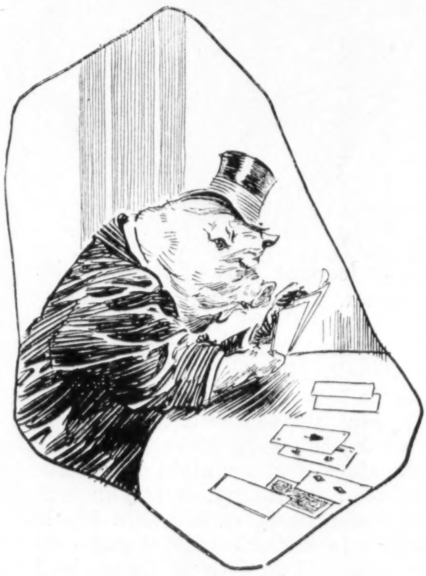


We filled the washbasin and the duck swam from Chicago to New York

FOR several years I had been the best known $12 a week dramatic critic in the South. Suddenly there came a desire to earn money, and idols began to totter on my five-foot shelf of ideals.

This temptation came in the flush of my youth, at the beginning of a career when I seemed to be leading Art, or one of her handmaidens, along the rosy road. It came at a time when I felt the weight of a reporter's nickel-plated badge on my waistcoat and was admitted free to the theatres; at a time when actors pointed me out on the local Broadway, said I was a comer, and called me by my front name. But at the next desk to me sat the financial editor, and I had seen him, careless of his quotations and closings, bound into affluence. On the other side of me nightly sat the sporting editor arrayed in checked tweeds. These made me feel the fretful futility of my "Through the Opera Glasses" column. It was entertaining, but it did not earn. I fell. I became a press agent.

In the city where I first met Art, wooed, won and then cruelly divorced her for nonsupport, two candidates were beating on the outer door of the temple of fame. One was a high yellow lightweight and the other a dog show with a list of blue-book patronesses. After some negotiations I accepted the post of publicity promoter for both, had some cards printed, bought a second-hand typewriter, and began my career as a space filler.



The faithful pig played solitaire until the show came back

Prosperity seemed to have moved right into the flat formerly occupied by ART and was at home. At the end of the first week I was able to buy a tan overcoat, with split tails such as they wear in a minstrel parade and with the luxurious effect of a velvet collar. However, Prosperity has her dull days as well as Art, and the end of the second week brought the knocking out of the pugilist by a black bruiser from the coal fields of Pennsylvania and his retirement with a broken bank roll, while the dog show, failing to hit the high spots of the social cash register, fell down, rent and printing unpaid. The manager, having no money, offered me a setter dog in lieu of salary but I spurned the offer and took his promise.

In all the stretch of mimeographed years that have fled since those days, when I slipped away from the dock and pointed my frail craft down the old publicity stream, I have always had a gnawing regret that I did not take that dog.

This is no myth concerning animal aid. Dumb beast and quaint quadruped were ever the press agent's surest way to printed publicity. Apt Æsop, who conducted a wise column, found animals his most faithful bearers of great truths. They have never failed in my efforts to lead something intended to amuse, into the limelight of public favor. I have had the privilege of press-agenting all sorts of performers—and they always had animals.

A combination of horses and Indians fell early across my publicity-promoting path. A billposter introduced me to a theatrical manager who was soon to bring to our city a melodrama that screamed of the plains.

His plan was to have his tribe of Indians go to some afternoon Sunday school where the chief would grunt out a speech to the children, which was to be followed by the reading of a translation by an Indian guide—a loud-talking, tobacco-chewing tenderfoot who had picked up some coin and lingo in the West as a trader before the cash register and a conscience had broken into the civilizing influences practiced on the red man. Being a Presbyterian, I shuddered at this; but an evangelist, whose flock had a Sunday school of tender buds, thought this Indian uprising would be a fine strike for home missions through the collection box.

An old Indian, who walked like a British caterpillar tank and had a face like a Smithsonian Institution raised map, was to make the speech in choice Choctaw. He was called Red Eagles, had been out five seasons with a Kickapoo medicine show, and kept a scrap book of his press notices. After his guttural salutatory a collection was to be lifted while one of the cow girls sang plaintively.

Mary Pickford's Touring Duck

ON THE eventful Sunday, while we waited at the church, the Indians, wearing naught but breech cloths and war paint, mounted their horses and with whoops started for the palefaces' meeting house. They never reached it. A distressed policeman arrested the entire outfit for parading on Sunday. The horse part of the program broke up the Sunday-school show, but landed us a column in each newspaper on the arrest.

It will always be one of the oft-told tales around Park Row, in New York, of the Coney Island press agent who dropped casually into newspaper offices and remarked that the leading lady of the flea circus had mysteriously disappeared. All of the papers took up the story and the press agent began issuing bulletins on the progress of the search. By Friday he was having all of the animals currycombed in a hunt for the star, and on Saturday night he came forward with the announcement that the feminine flea favorite had been found hiding in the long hair back of the left ear of a Nubian lion.

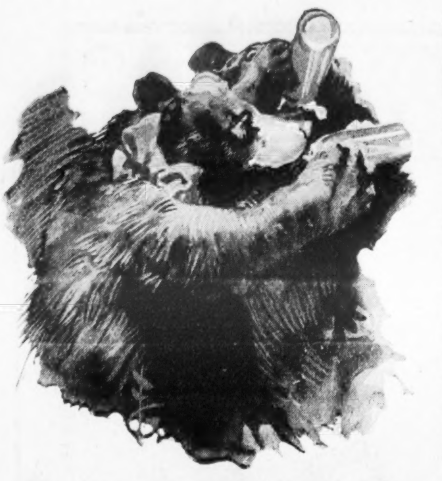
Once I accompanied Mary Pickford to a Chicago convention of motion-picture exhibitors. As she was getting on the train to come back to New York a child edged its way through the crowd and handed the star a pet duck. Imagine caring for a temperamental duck from Chicago to New York on the Twentieth Century Limited. I was elected chaperon.

A bright idea came to me after an hour of care. We filled the washbasin with water, and the duck swam the rest of the journey, with the result that our kind friends in the newspaper offices thought we had a very amusing story in the yarn:

DUCK SWIMS FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK

In my circus days there was a city editor in Chicago, who in the greatness of his heart loved me both for my fact and fiction. He had the first edition of an afternoon paper to hurl out to a feverish public, and about one o'clock in the morning if there was no murder or no tenement house burned to ashes, with a couple of firemen heroes for a picture layout, he was frantic.

We had with us then a very talented orangoutan, who, dressed in human habiliments, sat in a rocking-chair, and read a newspaper while those who had come by the ticket taker, at fifty cents per, stood by and wondered. He struck me as a fair example of animal aid.



We stopped traffic with milk bottles in front of a hotel

I noticed that he had a habit of blowing his breath on the glass which inclosed his cage, and then with his long fingerlike claw drawing on the mist-covered space strange hieroglyphics—a sort of ape alphabet. We took some whiting such as is used in washing windows and smeared a circular smudge on the glass of the monkey house. Then, in true shorthand, we traced: "I Like Your City." Standing the monk near it and placing his claw where the writing appeared, we took a photograph.

That night I met my city editor friend and showed him the picture. The next day he spread it all over the feature page:

MONKEY WRITES SHORTHAND,
Odd Orangoutan Learned Stenography
in Africa from Explorer Garner's Secretary

The stenography part was the city editor's, and I bless him for the classic.

Behold a Congress of Cats

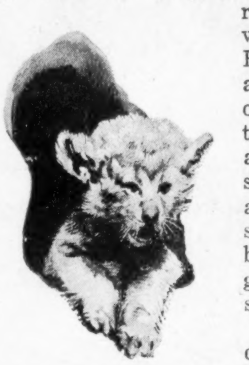
IF YOU have ever in your observing moments studied the make-up of the circus or the Hippodrome audiences, you will note the preponderance of children. We have always appreciated the fact that the little child can ever direct the parent. It was because of this knowledge of the infant influence, that when we were playing a company of trained yet complacent cats at the Hippodrome I arranged a reception in their honor. Every child coming to the Saturday matinée was invited to bring his or her pet cat. Boxes were tendered to blue-ribboned Angoras, and poor alley cats, the orphan class, were allowed in the gallery unattended. Every subway train, the elevated, the busses, and the surface lines were filled with cats borne in the arms of children.

One boy brought a basket containing cat and kittens, saying that the little ones could not be left alone and mother was anxious to come. He did not explain the absence of father. The big playhouse was packed. When the cat act came on a thousand cats from private life were held aloft by delighted children. The accumulation of purrs nearly drowned the music of the orchestra. The alley cats in the gallery made fearful noises and, forgetting where they were, ran around the rail as if it were a back-yard fence. One large Tom fell into the orchestra, greatly disturbing the dignity of the aristocratic Angoras. After the show, cream was served to all visiting cats.

One summer we were playing the big show in the tall-timber territory, finally crossing to Vancouver and booking a date over the line into Canada. All of the customs inspectors, veterinarians and other dignitaries of the other side of the border came down to give us an official once over. Everything passed the test but the trained pig in the side show. He was a porker that told time by a dollar watch, wrote on a slate, picked out numbers and selected cards from a greasy deck, forced upon him by the "professor."

The Dominion inspectors turned down the performing pig on the ground that he had some traces of hoof trouble. We shall never forget the pathos of the sight as we pulled away with the last section, leaving on the edge of the railroad platform the trained pig, the solitary star of the outfit barred. It seemed too good a story to keep ourselves, and knowing a lot of craving columnists and hungering humorists around the country I shot them a wire about the card-dealing pig being left behind and how, faithful to the troupe, he stayed on the border contentedly playing solitaire with his greasy deck until the show came back and he joined us again in his own country. They printed it, and I thanked them one and all.

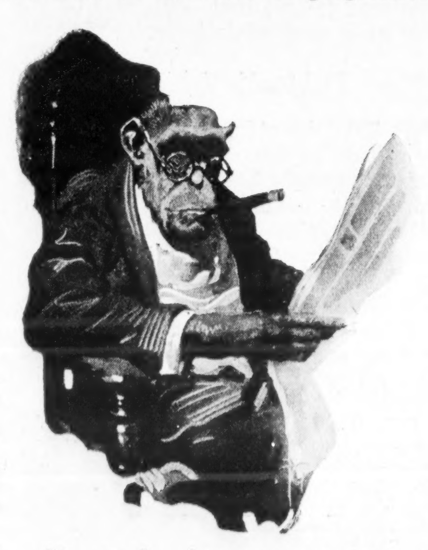
Cubs always make copy. When we got the circus under way on the rattlers and were making a new town every sunrise we just could not help having the lions born in each place we made and naming at least one of them after the daughter of the mayor of the town, with a christening party on the broad portico of the Elks Clubhouse. We worked this nearly all season until one of the cubs grew so strong that he nearly bit a mayor's hand off.



Performing dogs do not make as good newspaper yarns as the domesticated kind. The trick and leaping dogs are usually a sad lot offstage. The old homemade bear of the Rockies lends himself to publicity. Some well-intentioned folks wrote a letter to the Hippodrome management, saying that from the front it looked as if the hair was falling out of our trained-bear troupe and that they needed air. The trainer who carried the big whip didn't agree, but we saw a story in it and proceeded.

Seven bears were picked out and big bows of ribbon tied about their necks. The whole party was put into a white painted car with a uniformed chauffeur, and we started on a ride through the principal streets. Before going back to the big show shop we stopped in front of the Knickerbocker Hotel and had waiters bring out bottles of cold milk. These were handed to the bears. Taking the bottles between their paws they leaned back and drank. We managed to block traffic.

But after all effort has been recapitulated and set down *ad infinitum* the Rock of Gibraltar of progressive publicity is the grand old elephant. It is the ponderous, plodding, prodded pachyderm that keeps the type foundry agog. No press agent who has ever attempted to array adulatory adjectives along the ascending asphalt of achievement has ever passed proudly into the shadow of the Temple of Fame without having based his truth and his trifles upon the firm elephantine foundation.



He taught the orangoutan to wear a dress suit

In the rocky old nursery days, when the anecdote of the elephant squirting the whole town creek from his trunk upon the tailor who a year before had stuck a needle into the prehensile proboscis, was the favorite bedtime story, there was imbedded in all beings a weakness for elephants. The press agent turned this to his own ends.

I fell early for the elephant route to type. My first classic concerned a good old patriarch by the name of Joel, who on one occasion got temperamental in Ring Two and crabbed the act by refusing to take up the cues with becoming continuity. He got a terrible prodding and for a month was kept out of the act. He resented these non-appearances, and after getting rid of the sulks really became repentant, with a longing to do something that would again bring him back into the graces of the owner of the show.

One night we ran into a cyclone that picked the side show up and hung it among the pine trees on the mountainside. Rain fell like a runaway Niagara. The audience fell into a panic and every animal man in the outfit deserted his dens to help the roughnecks hold on to the long running guys and keep the big top from bellying under the quarter poles. In the midst of it all the repentant elephant saw a chance to make good. He broke away from the frightened herd, and going up to the ticket wagon, which had all of the show's money in it, put his big head back of it and pushed it downtown and up an alley next door to a bank. He guarded it there until the circus ticket seller came to the rescue.

Old circus men are fond of relating how the white elephant of the Barnum & Bailey Greatest was brought into the country. The coming of the sacred elephant had been heralded for days. Finally the ship was sighted and the press department took a bunch of newspaper writers down the bay to meet the great card of next season's show. P. T. Barnum himself was in the party. All hands were taken aboard and then down into the dim light of the hold to look at the pure white specimen from India. Then a dinner followed at which the grape was a feature. Then another look at the elephant to see if he was still white. While this was going on a doubting newspaper man remarked to Mr. Barnum that he did not think the elephant was so darned white.

"Well," replied the circus man, "I'll tell you. This reminds me of the times up Bridgeport way when I was sparking. I noticed at a surprise party one night a very pretty girl who had remarkable color in her cheeks, and I said to my boy friend: 'I wonder if that peach bloom is real.'

"To our dismay, the girl heard the remark and turning on me she said with a snap, 'Phineas Barnum, God made that color in my cheeks.'"

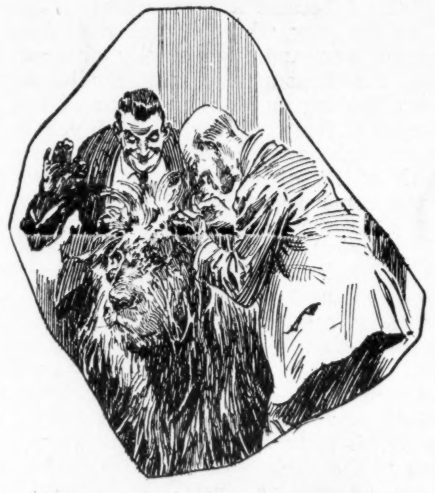
Continuing, Mr. Barnum said: "Boys, God made this white elephant. I assure you had he been made by Mr. Bailey and myself he would be as white as the driven snow."

Playing around with the big "bull" trainers — George Denman, Henry Mooney or the late Bill Powers, I met Reuben Castang. He had polish, education, poise, and a personality. He came on the stage with his elephants as if they were going to a tea in the uptown Fifties—frock coat, striped trousers, a top hat, pearl gray gloves and a little bamboo cane. He taught the orangoutan to wear a dress suit and an Inverness coat and act most human.

An Elephant Act at 3 A. M.

REUBEN had the twelve elephants when I met him, and we lived together and dreamed and planned things for elephants to do that would arrest public attention. He taught two baby bulls to do the "Merry Widow" waltz and we nearly ruined little Patsy by painting him green in water colors for a St. Patrick's day matinée. But the big time came when Reuben and the twelve "bulls" had to leave the Hippodrome and start the trail for the season. It was planned to have a grand farewell party. It began in the back room of Dutch Gus's palace (this was in the old days) and ended with black coffee in a one-armed lunch-room back of the Grand Central Station.

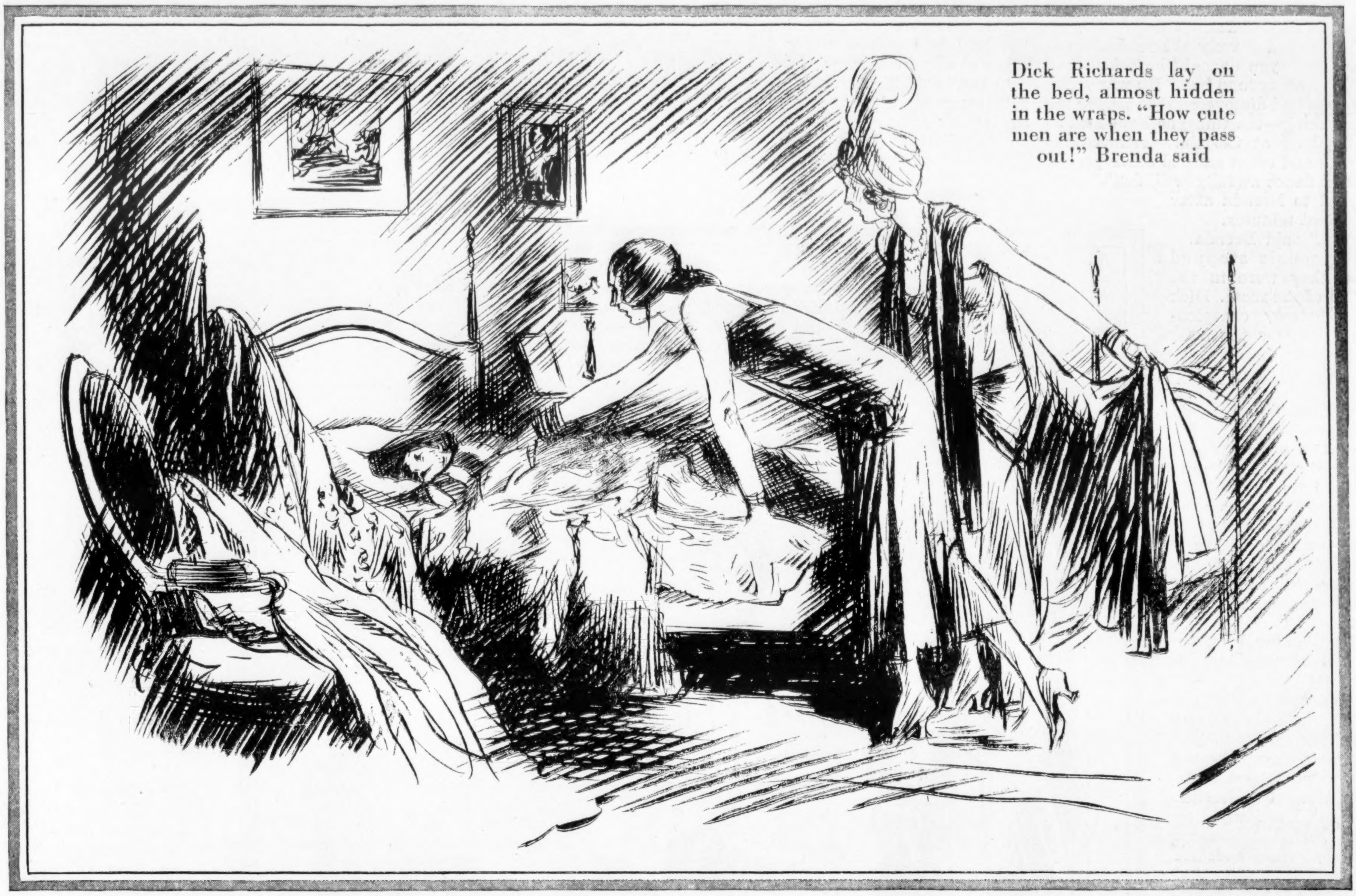
In our farewell parade to the waiting cars was every newspaper man that had written about and known the elephants. We gathered quite a party of out-all-nights as we went up the street, for it was nearly three in the morning when we started. Reaching one of the side streets near the New York Central freight tracks, some one suggested that we ought to have Reuben's act once more before he left town. And there in the middle of the street, at three in the morning, with a strange array of spectators seated on the curb, a score of policemen, milk wagons, and all the traffic of the night, and with countless heads out of windows, we went through the elephant act. Then everybody sang "Farewell, My Own True Love," the whistle blew, and they were gone.



The leading lady of the flea circus was behind the lion's ear

I went up to the Hippodrome the other day to get my Airedale, which had been spending a fortnight as the guest of a dog act. He is a country-bred dog, and the glimpse of city life hit him hard. He met a couple of gay collies and some old roué Great Danes, and I understand that there were some parties that shocked the sedate poodles and brought a blush to the exclusive chows. I took him back to our village, but he never got over that two weeks of the gay life: ran away from the front porch every night and around the stage door of the Town Hall.

One night they played an Uncle Tom show at our opera house with a clogging old Tom and two bobbed and blond Evas. We went after him, but he had gone. The old fever got him, and he vamoosed with the bloodhound octet.



Dick Richards lay on the bed, almost hidden in the wraps. "How cute men are when they pass out!" Brenda said

The Graceful Scamp

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

YOU learn, if you live in one of Pluma Gogg's houses for two or three years, to guess which type a young artist belongs to on ten minutes' acquaintance. There are only three or four types. There is the young poseur, belated child of the eighteen-nineties, when Oscar Wilde appeared in Piccadilly wearing a green carnation, and Ernest Dowson lived his melancholy melody, and Whistler sued Ruskin for saying his pictures were a pot of paint flung in the public's face. There is the young advertising draftsman, always talking about prices and contracts and putting it over. There is the intense sort, living on cornmeal mush and dried apples, and burning with the desire to force his vision on the world—stubborn, violent, disrupting, perhaps mad. And there is the interior decorator, born to love rich stuffs—fabrics and colors and forms; and sometimes to paint them.

Isn't that about all? No, there is one more type, the amiable chap who has taste and manners and talent, who has everything but the drive, and who consequently will never get anywhere in the world, but will always be pleasant about it.

Ann Wilkinson knew all these types backward and forward. But she guessed wrong about Dick Richards.

It happened the winter of the big snow. New York was not designed for the enjoyment of snow. One good old-fashioned snowstorm will tie up surface traffic for days. That winter the snowstorms came one right after another, as many as three in one week. By February Fifth Avenue was more like a piece of the western front in 1917 than a proud boulevard. You drove from Thirty-fourth Street up Murray Hill between high walls of snow in a track just wide enough for a single car. At Thirty-fifth Street they had dug out a place large enough for two cars to pass. The traffic policeman let one car up and then one car down. It was much quicker to walk. That is what most doctors did. It was important for doctors to get about. It was not only the winter of the big snow, but the winter of the influenza epidemic, and influenza promised pneumonia.

The Wilkinsons gave a party that February. Ann and Hiram had for years leased the whole of Miss Gogg's second house. But they did not always have much of it in their possession. Hiram was one of those painters who are lucky to sell one picture a year. Fortunately he did the most charming etchings of his day. A show of his etchings at the Orlando Galleries always brought him thousands of dollars. That meant they could pay the rent on the whole house and be as hospitable as they pleased.

As the months went by and the money was spent, Ann sublets parts of the house. The top floor went first; then the third floor; then the second. By Christmas they were usually living in the basement. Whereupon Hiram would set up his etcher's press in the kitchen. Ann received visitors in the dining-room, pausing at intervals to give Hiram black coffee as he stood, hour after hour, pulling proofs.

The Wilkinsons had only one idea of celebrating their annual returns to the beautiful old rooms up-stairs. They roasted a dozen turkeys and a dozen hams and baked innumerable cakes, old-fashioned cakes like angel's food and devil's food, and made an incredible quantity of salad, and asked all New York to a party.

The winter of the big snow and the influenza epidemic Hiram sold not only his etchings but two of his paintings. So there was not only a supper for an army, but a dance band. And all New York plowed through the snow—some in limousines and some in taxis and some on foot—to East Twenty-seventh Street.

THAT was the night Irving Stromberg first strummed out the song that afterward made such a hit at the Music Box—you remember—"Hi-r-r-r-r-u-u-u-mmmm, Hi-r-r-r-r-u-u-u-mmm?" That was the night that Michael Carmichael met Jane Torr. But it was Dickie Richards who, in his quiet way, furnished the drama of the evening.

Dick had had the top-floor-rear studio all fall and winter, and nobody knew anything about him except that he had paid the rent. He was not the sort to demand attention. Ann had neglected him. On the one occasion when she had had him down to tea she had instantly classified him as a graceful scamp.

Ann was armored against graceful scamps. She knew how easily she liked them and how bitterly disappointed she was when they turned out to be exactly what she had guessed them to be in the beginning. The mother in her—and she had no children of her own—welcomed the type; the woman in her resented it—so amiable and so irresponsible; so pleasant to meet and so lacking in capacity.

When Dick came down-stairs at midnight, feeling unaccountably tired and knowing that he ought to go to bed and unable any longer to resist the hum of talk and the strum of banjos that came up the halls, Ann jumped up to greet him. He was dressed like an artist's idea of a French sailor, in drill trousers with a gay sash, a striped jersey, and a tam o' shanter. It struck Ann, who had studied under Rodin and had an eye for such things, that he was deeper-chested and thicker-muscled in the close-fitting jersey than she would have expected.

"Hello!" she said, "shall I introduce you round?"

"Please don't," he asked, and smiled the wistful smile for which Ann could gladly have kissed him and gladly have slapped him.

Ann scanned the room. She saw Brenda Berenson. The idea of introducing these two amused her. She led Dick over to Brenda, thinking how good it would be for him to fall in love with a girl like Brenda and to discover how little his amiable weakness appealed to her.

Dick saw a handsome girl with red hair and a creamy skin and a wide mouth; a girl who emanated life as some people emanate weariness. She was wearing the simplest sort of black velvet evening dress, a dress that set off her admirable neck and shoulders as a shadow box sets off a painting. Just to look at her warmed him, made him feel less tired and lonely and ill.

"Brenda," Ann said, "this is Mr. Richards. He's a graceful scamp." She turned to Dick. "Miss Berenson," she said, "is hard-boiled."

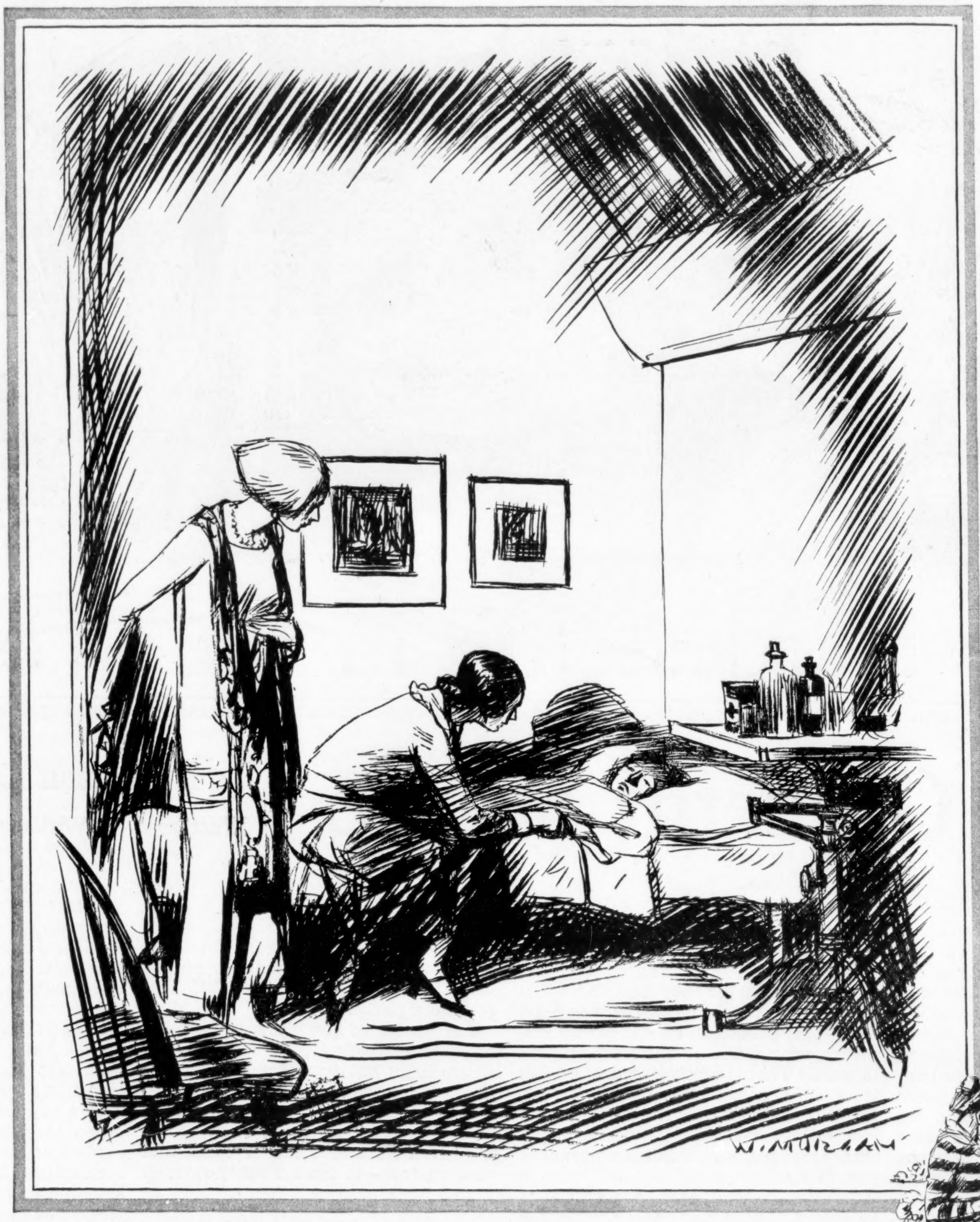
Dick looked gravely at Brenda Berenson. "Will you dance?" he asked, and put his arm around her. He was a shy man who had discovered that saying the direct thing—the thing he happened to be thinking at the time—relieved his shyness and often amused other people.

"You dance awfully well, don't you?" he said to Brenda after two silent minutes.

"Yes," said Brenda.

The music stopped when they were in the middle of the room. Dick felt suddenly conspicuous. She was the most striking girl in the room, the kind of girl everybody looks at and everybody likes. He would have minded less if she were the kind of girl everybody looks at and nobody likes. But he did not want to give her up. He wanted to talk to her. It seemed to him that if he could sit quietly in a corner with her and talk his head would stop aching.

"Let's go and sit on the stairs," he said.



"Brenda," he said clearly, "you won't ever leave me, will you?"

THEY sat on the stairs. Dick hadn't the least idea what to say to her. He didn't know whether she was an actress or an illustrator or a model. He didn't know anything about her at all except that she was handsome and glad to be alive and that she danced beautifully and that Mrs. Wilkinson had said she was hard-boiled. He wondered what Mrs. Wilkinson had meant. She was one of those women who have a kind of private vocabulary which you only gradually come to understand.

"What," he asked Brenda Berenson, "did Mrs. Wilkinson mean by saying you were hard-boiled?"

"Don't you know what hard-boiled means?"

"No," he said. "Unless it means cynical or disillusioned or—" he hesitated.

"Or what?" she prompted.

"Not susceptible."

"To graceful scamps," she finished.

Dick smiled. He had no idea how wistful his smile was. Brenda laughed. He didn't know just what seemed funny to her. He knitted his brows.

"I don't know what she meant by graceful scamp either," he said. "I really don't know her."

"But she knows you," Brenda said. "She has seen so many like you."

He shook his head. He was a little flattered at being called a graceful scamp, but he was more puzzled. In his own view of himself he was awkward and earnest.

"It's written on your face—in your manner," she answered him.

"What is?"

"You know well enough."

"But I don't."

"Why," said Brenda, "you've an excellent manner; pleasant but assured. It's the manner of a man who doesn't need to assert himself, the manner of a man who has done things. But you're not entitled to it. You've got that manner not because you have done things, but because you have never done anything at all. With you it's a mask."

"I see," said Dick humbly.

"How much work have you done in the last six months—actually finished?"

"Very little."

"Enough to earn your own living?"

"No," he admitted apologetically.

"I thought not," Brenda commented.

"You sound so triumphant," he told her. "It's as if you took great satisfaction in convicting me of accomplishing nothing. Why do you feel that way?"

"I'm bitter on the whole subject," she admitted. "All women who know as many artists as I do are bitter about the way some of them waste themselves. Ann is. Only she still falls for a graceful scamp every once in a while. Last year she let a man live here for six months without paying any rent—just because he played on her sympathy. She kidded herself into believing his excuses. And the ironical thing is she wouldn't have cared about the rent if he had done something—anything. Ann's thoroughly maternal at heart."

"I supposed all women were maternal at heart," Dick said gravely.

"You would," Brenda said. "All graceful scamps suppose that. They want to suppose that." She looked at him—a cool look. "That little-boy smile of yours gets the maternal kind. But it doesn't get the others. So you never learn anything about the others."

"The hard-boiled kind?"

"Yes," she said; "the hard-boiled kind."

Dick saw that a man in the doorway was trying to attract Brenda's attention. The banjos were strumming again.

"But you're not hard-boiled," he protested.

Brenda nodded to the man in the doorway and rose to join him.

"You think not?" She laughed at Dick.

"I know," he said quietly.

Dick sat on the stairs a long time after she had danced off with the other man. He felt hot. His head ached. He wondered if he was catching cold. He wished he could go to bed without climbing the long flights of stairs to his room. He wondered if he would have a chance to talk to Brenda Berenson again if he stayed. He got to his feet and walked slowly through the door, through the long high-ceiled rooms, lit with candles, dodging in and out among the dancers. There was a long sideboard in the extension, where the band was. Dick stood undecided between turkey and ham. He wasn't hungry, but he thought he might feel more like himself if he ate something. A jolly blond girl in a white ballet costume of satin and tulle was slicing ham. She offered Dick a slice. He took it.

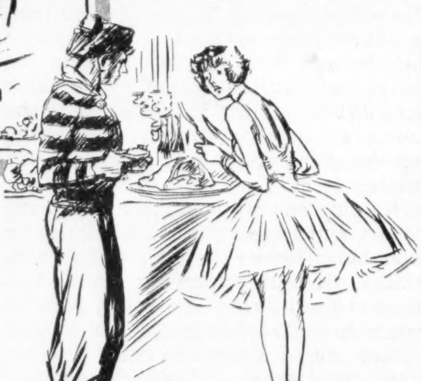
"You don't need to look so glum about it," she said.

"I'm sorry," he said weakly.

She made a face at him and whirled off. Dick watched her disappear among the dancers. For a moment it seemed to him that the room was whirling and the dancers standing still. He walked slowly and deliberately along the wall back to the place on the stairs. He would rest a moment and then climb up to his room.

When the music stopped he got up and resolutely climbed the first flight. He stood a moment, holding tightly to the rail and trying by an effort to clear his head of dizziness. He knew now he was ill, that he must somehow get to bed. Sleep was the remedy. Sleep would bring him back. Sleep was the ultimate luxury. He stumbled dizzily down the hall. . . .

AT a quarter to four in the morning Ann noticed that her guests were beginning to leave. It was just as well she had engaged the band to play only until four. She found Hiram and reminded him how much the men were to be paid. And then she saw Brenda Berenson breaking away from a group and turning toward the stairs. Brenda had been playing madly with the young man whose hobby it was to finance experiments in the theater—Enoch Bennett. Ann wanted to ask Brenda what she thought of Bennett. He was exactly the kind of young man Brenda ought to marry—a man who had made so much money in real estate that he could afford to indulge himself in a hobby like the theater. He was at the very opposite pole from a graceful scamp.



Ann ran up the stairs to her bedroom. Brenda was powdering her nose at Ann's dressing table.

"Well?" Ann said.

"I like him," Brenda said. Her mouth puckered as (*Continued on page 29*)

Nothing is so quick to give a child a feeling of inferiority as quarreling between adults in his presence

Illustrated by Lejaren à Hiller

The Hardest Job in the World

By Harold Cary

The hardest job—what is it? Bringing up children? Many would say so. If you haven't tackled it, ask any parent. Most parents will say, however, that at least they understand their children. But do they? Read this—the last of Mr. Cary's series on child training—and judge for yourself.

WHY is my child irritable and cross? Why does he refuse food I know he should have? Why does he run away or take an ax to the baby grand? Are these just the natural pranks of childhood?

Those who work with groups of children in trouble—orphans and dependents—say no! "The roots of all naughtiness and delinquency may lie in the parents and in the way parents treat not only the children themselves but also each other," reads the lesson which the doctors have learned.

Collier's put me to studying the dependent child in the light of my own three-year-old. I found that in case anything happened to his near relatives he probably would be placed in an orphanage—put through an unhappy, stultifying childhood, robbed of his personality—and that he probably would become a rather low-grade, ineffective adult.

But in one state at least—Massachusetts—the government and many charitable organizations would treat him as an individual and permit him to develop his own personality if he really had the capacity.

Take, for example, the case of Harry Part, reported by Dr. Robert Healy, of the Judge Baker Foundation, Boston. This foundation works in conjunction with the Juvenile Court, the charitable organizations, and the state department of child guardianship. Dr. Healy is a noted psychiatrist. I quote from his notes:

"Harry Part: 9 yrs., 6 mos. Born in U. S. of American parents.

"(July, 1917) Harry, a pleasant-looking boy with rather delicate, regular features, had become too much of a problem for the woman with whom he had been boarded for eight years. Among other things, she complained that he had been stealing for years, setting fires in dangerous ways, riding about on the street cars, and running away. Recently, when, for the second time, he had been gathered in by the police at about midnight, she refused to board him any longer.

"A child-helping agency, at the request of the boy's father, was considering taking charge of him. They had begun by having a physical examination made, which showed him to be in good condition, and a mental testing at a psychopathic hospital, where he was reported quite normal mentally. But in a home where they had temporarily placed him he had pilfered and had proved wantonly destructive.

"He had set fires several times in the bathroom, and had stolen and shrewdly hidden a considerable sum of money. The question now was whether he should be tried in a new home, and if so, just what sort of treatment he should be given, or whether he would better be committed to a correctional school."

A Boy Who Was "Queer"

THE boy was put on a farm and given a chance to lead an active life under the control of a foster father and mother who were sympathetic and whom he learned to love. But he was "queer," so that he did not get along well in school with the other children. His school work suffered. At the end of two years his foster parents were ready to give him up. The teachers said they thought he was feeble-minded. And now the experts gave him a shock. They sent him for special school training at an institution for feeble-minded children. He stayed there a little more than a year, twice trying to run away unsuccessfully and the third time succeeding in making his way back to his foster home. He was taken in by a sympathetic relative of his foster parents. Two years have elapsed, and Harry is getting along beautifully.

Psychology has pretty well proved that the fundamentals of character, in so far as environment rather than heredity affects them, are set by the time the child is six years old. Mothering a child during these pre-school years involves constant contact, so that it is from the mother, or the substitute for a mother, that the infant learns about the outside world.

The fight begins before a child is a year old. By the time he is two a vast world of problems faces him at every turn. He needs sympathy and love and precious little discipline. He is so imitative that you can make him do almost anything you wish if you are ingenious.

The little rascal will almost certainly refuse to eat spinach or bread and butter, or perhaps to drink the pint and a half of milk which he needs to drink every day. (The adult teeth bulbs are now forming, so that a large quantity of mineral salts, chiefly obtainable in milk, are needed to prevent badly diseased teeth in later life.) Real discipline is required. When you put his food before him let the first dish offered be the one he has been refusing. At the first sign of refusal take the dish away, remove the bib, and go on with the routine of the day, explaining to the child briefly and good-humoredly, "No spinach, no dinner."

The child has met a real force. He will cry, he will stamp his foot; for half an hour, perhaps, he will rage. At the next meal repeat the process if necessary. If the child is extremely stubborn, you can go on for four or five meals, making certain that he gets nothing to eat elsewhere. I have never known of a child who would pass up more than two meals in succession or who was not cured by this method, although in a few cases the treatment has had to be repeated at intervals.

Modern medicine has shown that up to the age of six a normal child requires not only his night sleep, but also a period of rest or sleep in the daytime, during which he should not be disturbed. This battle must be fought early in the child's life. It requires nothing but fortitude on the part of the parents, who must put the child in his bed at regular hours and leave him alone no matter how much he cries.

Why Some Children Are Naughty

NOTHING is so quick to give a child a feeling of inferiority as quarreling between adults in his presence. This is probably the greatest source of intractability in the very young child—not even second to jealousy of a younger child in the family. It makes him feel unimportant, and he remedies this feeling by being naughty.

How these facts work out is easily shown by the story of a little girl who was recently treated by several experts who managed to solve the problem and to save the child from an unfortunate life.

Mary Standing is the daughter of a professor of (*Continued on page 28*)

Can This Woman Make America Dry?

Well, if She Had the Authority and 300 Picked Men, She'd Like to Try It

By Jack O'Donnell

I KNOW a way to make any "wise" bootlegger in the United States shiver in his boots. How? Easy! Just slip up behind him and whisper, "Mrs. Willebrandt is after you!"

That's all. He won't turn around and ask you who Mrs. Willebrandt is. If he knows anything at all about the bootleg game he knows that Mabel Walker Willebrandt is Assistant Attorney General of the United States, and that she is the woman who broke up the Big Four bootleg ring of Savannah, Ga.; put George Remus, one-time real king of booze venders, in Atlanta Penitentiary; wrote most of the opinions which hamper booze running and rum smuggling, and is the one person in official Washington who could and, if vested with proper authority, would make America almost bone dry.

Back in 1921, when Harry M. Daugherty, then Attorney General, placed Mrs. Willebrandt in charge of a division of the Department of Justice which had jurisdiction over all matters pertaining to the importation, exportation, manufacture, and traffic of liquor, and all matters arising under the National Prohibition Act, the bootleggers and smugglers patted each other on the back and cried, "Hooray!"

At that time, you may recall, it was pretty generally believed that official Washington wasn't particularly anxious to have the Volstead Act strictly enforced. So, in the appointment of Mrs. Willebrandt bootleggers and smugglers thought they had concrete evidence that such was the case. If the Government "really wanted to get somewhere with prohibition they'd put a real prosecutor in office," they argued.

The hegira of bootleggers to Washington began. They went straight to Attorney General Daugherty to get the "low down" and have some of the tightest screws loosened at once. Daugherty listened, nodded his head and said: "See Mrs. Willebrandt."

One by one they filed into her office expecting to find a timid little creature who would yes them to their hearts' content. Their first impression of her fitted perfectly into the picture. She was smiling. That was as it should be! She was gracious too. Fine! And she didn't look at all like a reformer. Her hair wasn't short and she didn't wear spectacles and she wasn't fussy. She looked rather jolly and human—a woman who should *understand!*

She Jailed the New Wallingford

THEY told her their troubles. This one's business was being all shot to pieces by this blooming Prohibition Act, and that one's "pardner" had been arrested for transporting "just a little bit of liquor." All that any of them wanted was a "square deal."

They got just that and no more. Mrs. Willebrandt read the letters they brought from powerful politicians, congressmen, big business men, and Who-not. As she read, they intimated that it "was all right with Harry," meaning Daugherty.

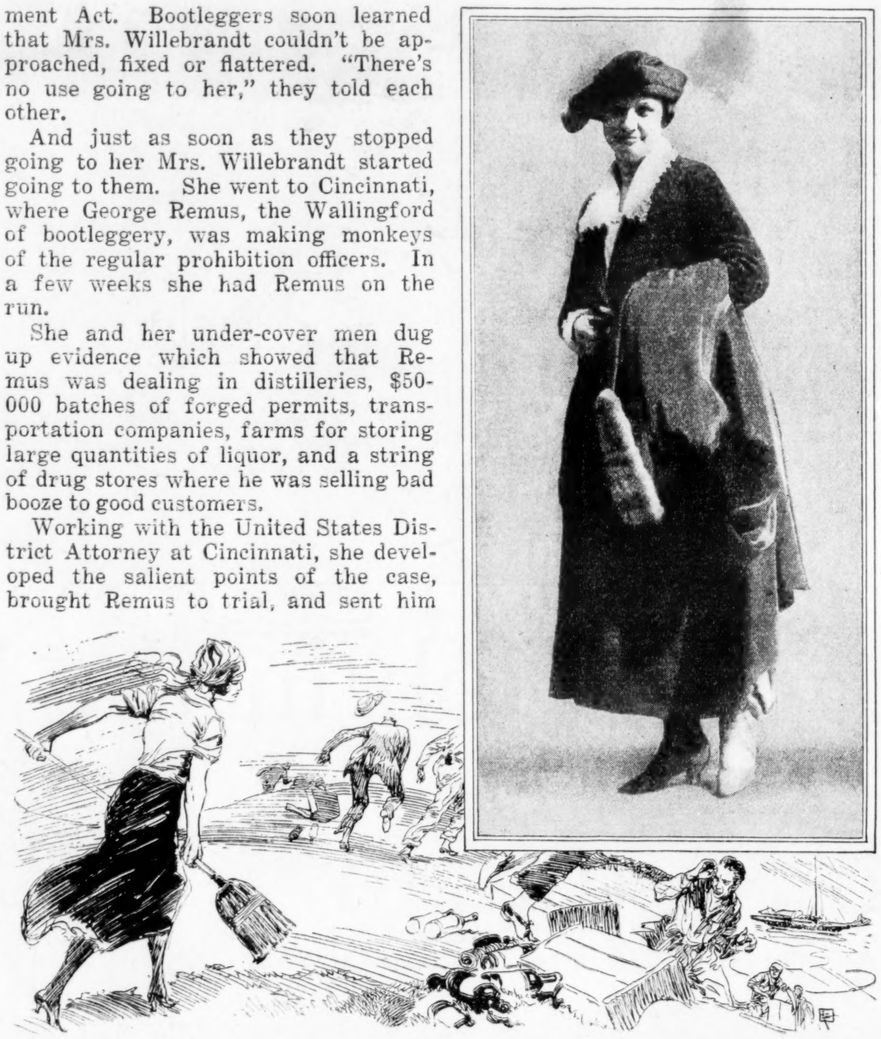
"Did Mr. Daugherty tell you to tell me it was all right with him?"

When they admitted that he hadn't but that he hadn't said no to their requests, she smiled sweetly and graciously disposed of their requests according to the letter of the Enforcement Act. Bootleggers soon learned that Mrs. Willebrandt couldn't be approached, fixed or flattered. "There's no use going to her," they told each other.

And just as soon as they stopped going to her Mrs. Willebrandt started going to them. She went to Cincinnati, where George Remus, the Wallingford of bootleggery, was making monkeys of the regular prohibition officers. In a few weeks she had Remus on the run.

She and her under-cover men dug up evidence which showed that Remus was dealing in distilleries, $50-000 batches of forged permits, transportation companies, farms for storing large quantities of liquor, and a string of drug stores where he was selling bad booze to good customers.

Working with the United States District Attorney at Cincinnati, she developed the salient points of the case, brought Remus to trial, and sent him to the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.



There was once an old lady who tried to push back the ocean with her mop. Mrs. Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General, is trying her broom on bootleggers. But she's having better luck than did Mrs. Partington. She says the way to make this country dry is to "get at the sources of supply."

About the time she finished the Remus case the Big Four of Savannah, Ga., the most powerful bootleg ring ever developed in America, was at the peak of its power. It was trading in booze on a tremendous scale. It had a fleet of ships bringing the stuff to American shores, where it was unloaded and sent into ten or fifteen states by motor truck, freight, and automobiles. They were reputed to be buying sheriffs, judges, district attorneys, and prohibition agents. Their annual business ran into millions.

The Prohibition Unit of the Internal Revenue Department sent its men to Savannah to clean up. They were bought off or failed to get evidence. Special agents of the Internal Revenue Department were sent in. They too muffed their opportunity.

The Big Four became so notorious that their existence became national scandal. It worried the Administration. In desperaton, high officials in Washington put the problem up to Mrs. Willebrandt. She, working with William J. Burns, chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, sent picked men to Savannah. These men couldn't function properly because of interference by the special agents of the Treasury Department. They came back and admitted as much. Then Mrs. Willebrandt picked fifteen men from the Bureau of Investigation and sent them to Savannah under cover.

While they were gathering evidence there Mrs. Willebrandt combed the lakes and big business concerns of the Atlantic Coast and found that Willie Haar, ringleader of the gang, owed the Government $1,243,254.29 income tax! Others of the gang owed enough to bring the total up close to $2,000,000.

She lulled the Big Four into a false sense of security by starting proceedings to recover this back tax. Thinking they could pay this money and escape further trouble, they grinned and prepared to settle. A million or two wouldn't break the Big Four.

But the storm broke a short time later when, through the leads she had gathered in looking up their tax delinquencies, together with the information her under-cover men dug up, she slapped the whole gang into jail, brought them to trial and convicted the four principals and sixty-odd confederates. Thus was the biggest bootleg ring in the United States completely smashed.

"Who is this woman and where does she come from?" you may ask. Well, she's a Western product. She was born in Kansas, learned to fight her own battles at the tender age of four when she accompanied her mother and father in a covered wagon from Missouri to Oklahoma when that Territory was opened to settlers back in '93, and picked up her education in schools and colleges in Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, Arizona, and California.

I don't know much about her childhood or her young womanhood, but I'll wager that whenever she played Follow the Leader she was doing the leading. She has never been satisfied to follow. When she went to teaching school she wasn't satisfied to be a teacher. She worked hard and became the principal.

When she settled down to the practice of law in Los Angeles she wasn't satisfied to be just a lawyer. She worked fifteen to eighteen hours a day and won the respect of bar and bench by her able work. But she found time to participate in women's activities on the side. Here too she was a leader. She was president of two professional women's clubs, chairman of the legislative committee of five others, and during the war was chairman of the Legal Advisory Board for District No. 11 in Los Angeles, the second largest district in the city, with thirty attorneys serving under her.

Yet, when I wrote to Mrs. Willebrandt requesting an interview for Collier's she replied: "There is nothing out of the ordinary or particularly interesting about me, and I have an idea you will be bored with the assignment before you are through."

False modesty didn't prompt Mrs. Willebrandt to make that statement. She has been too busy doing her stuff, as the saying goes, since President Harding appointed her Assistant Attorney General, that she hasn't had time to indulge in introspection. If some one were to tell her that she is the outstanding feminine figure in American political life she'd probably say: "Don't try to kid a busy woman!"

But the fact remains she is the first legal lady of the land.

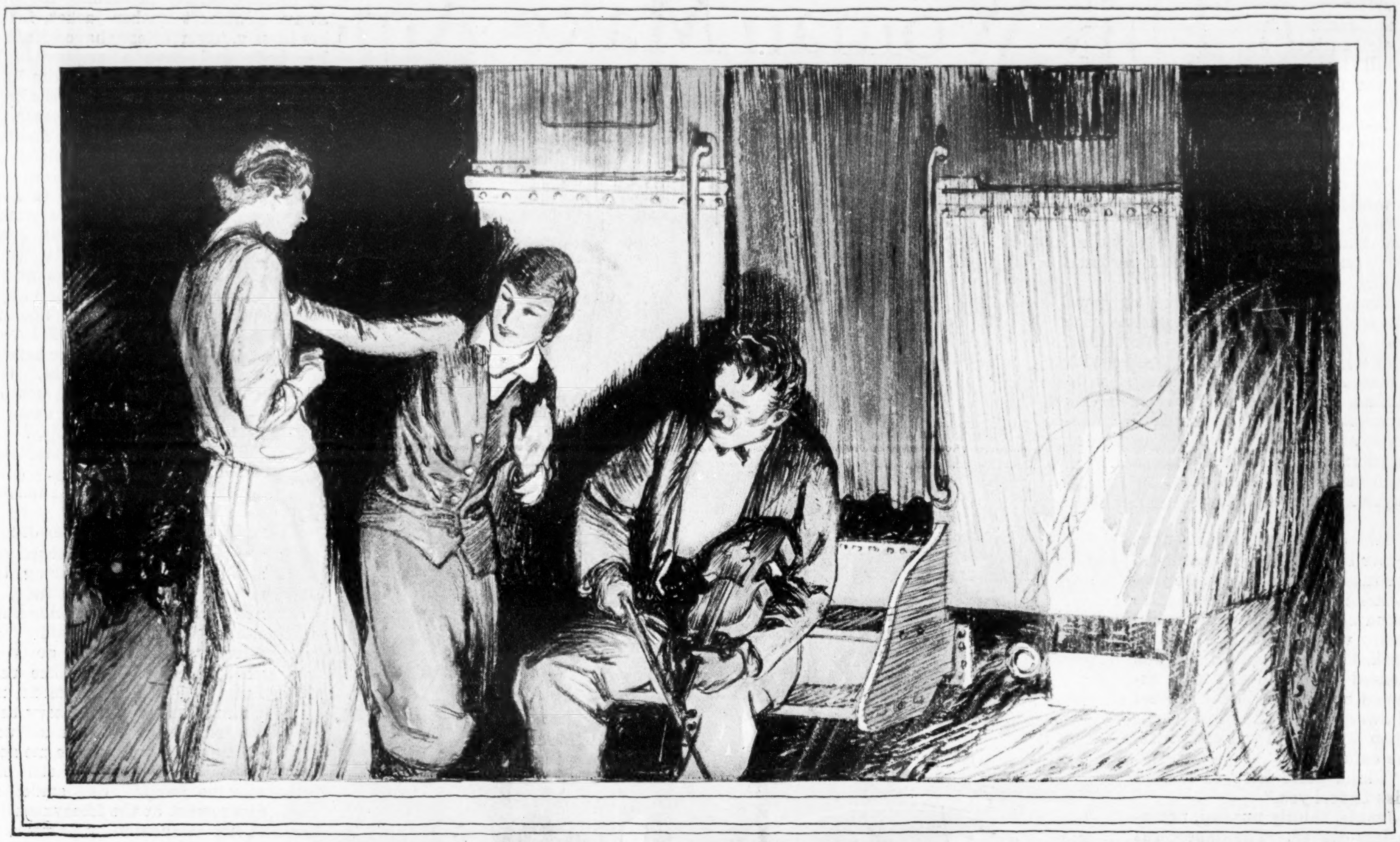
Still, she's not satisfied with the progress being made in the task of drying up America.

Prohibition's "White Hope"

"GIVE me the authority and let me have my pick of 300 men and I'll make this country as dry as it is humanly possible to get it," she said without the slightest trace of braggadocio. "There's one way it can be done—get at the sources of supply. I know them, and I know how they could be cut off. I have no patience with this policy of going after the hip-pocket and speak-easy cases. That's like trying to dry up the Atlantic Ocean with a blotter!"

And I agree with William J. Burns, who says: "If Mrs. Willebrandt had the authority she could clean up this prohibition mess." She knows how it should be done, has the courage to do it and there isn't anything under heaven that could stop her once she got started. She doesn't bow to any political god and she places honesty above party expediency.

She is the "white hope of prohibition!"



"I want him to see the way you move, child," the dancer said. "Just walk as you always do, around the fire"

The Mountain

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

Chapter IV

JENNIE'S windows faced the east, and thus caught the early light. She woke early and, lying on her side, watched the dark head of the strange woman who had evoked such dreams in her the night before. Her eyes widened with memory of these dreams and misted with thought. But presently she perceived that the other was also awake and watching her; and when their eyes met the dancer laughed and asked softly:

"What were you thinking, child?"

Jennie started, hesitated; then she said: "You wake early. I'm afraid the sun bothered you."

"All these days I have been up at sunrise," the dancer replied gayly. "Luigi and I, we rise, and he sits upon the steps of the van and plays his violin, and I dance in the sunrise, in the forests where we camp."

"I'd like seeing you," Jennie said.

The dancer thrust her injured foot out from beneath the covers and raised it into the air, toe pointed, scrutinizing the ankle. "You've rubbed the bruise away," she confessed. "But I must be careful. I shall not dance this morning for you."

So they lay for a while, talking together, and Jennie's eyes, as she listened, were full of dreams. But by and by, remembering, she got out of bed. "I have to help with breakfast," she explained. "You can rest as long as you want, though."

The dancer sat up quickly. "No, no. I too rise early. I love the morning, you see." She crossed to the window, flung wide, through which a faint, cool breeze came with the sun; and, standing there, she repeated those calisthenics which had astonished Jennie the night before. Jennie, busy with her own dressing, said thoughtfully: "You have to work hard, don't you?"

"Always," the other assented. "The exercises, the rubbing, the hair to be brushed, fingernails and toenails, oils and unguents all over my body. Sometimes it is tedious, but the end is wonderful, and when I am dancing I do not regret."

"You don't need to hurry down," Jennie assured her, pinning back her hair. "I'm going now. I'll tell you when breakfast is ready."

The other smiled and nodded. "I will come down now," she promised.

In the kitchen Jennie found her mother already busy. They made coffee, fried bacon and eggs, brought doughnuts from the crock in the buttery. And at last Mrs. Beard said: "I guess we're ready. I'll call your father."

So Jennie went quickly upstairs to tell the dancer. She knocked at the door and the other said: "Come in!" Jennie found her in a lightly quilted dressing gown of heavy silk, rose-colored and belted at the waist. Her hair was loose across her shoulders, and she was brushing it. To Jennie's announcement, she said: "I'll come down at once, child," and Jennie, eyes admiring her, went back downstairs.

DAVE came in and began to wash his hands in the pan in the sink. Mrs. Beard said fretfully: "I declare, I don't see why you always have to smell of the barn, Dave. Can't you change your boots once in a while?"

"There ain't time for that," Dave retorted, and with a small broken-toothed comb haggled at his heavy hair before the cracked mirror. While he was thus occupied, he heard Mrs. Beard say:

"Well, good morning, ma'am."

So he knew the dancer had come; and then he had a glimpse of her in the mirror as she approached the table. "It's a beautiful morning," she agreed. "And I slept so wonderfully."

Dave swallowed hard. She was coming toward him, her hand extended. As she walked, her dressing gown parted a little, revealing the fact that she still wore pajamas and low mules, her ankles bare. He took her hand, his own still damp from his ablutions.

"You set right down here, ma'am," Mrs. Beard said hospitably. "I dunno as we've got what you like. Farm fare is farm fare, you know."

"Bacon and eggs!" the dancer exclaimed, looking at the table. "But what is better? I love them." She sat down across from Jennie, and Mrs. Beard took the foot of the table. Dave, half-paralyzed where he stood, was the last to take his seat. Instead of serving them, he passed the platter awkwardly to the strange woman, who offered it to Mrs. Beard.

"You help yourself," Mrs. Beard bade her. "I'll pour the coffee."

Dave bent his eyes upon his plate and ate steadily, but also he observed their guest. She had no pecking appetite; she ate with gusto, three or four slices of bacon, two eggs, a doughnut and then another, a hot biscuit with jelly upon it. That she should eat thus gave her a new and more substantial merit in his eyes, because it made her more human, brought, or seemed to bring, her nearer to his own level.

He was able to perceive, covertly scrutinizing her in the light of the morning, that she was of more substantial figure than he had supposed. Her arms were round and firm; the fact that they were so well proportioned alone prevented them from seeming too large. Beneath their sheath of soft flesh, the muscles moved and stirred. Her throat was strong; not youthful, but mature; and in this light he saw faint, shadowy wrinkles at the corners of her mouth and eyes. By breaking the smooth surface of her beauty they also softened it; she became less like a statue and more like a woman.

HE FOUND, to his surprise, that she was questioning his wife, leading Mrs. Beard to talk of her life upon the farm. Mrs. Beard's replies, in her sharp, querulous tones, forever phrased as complaints, irritated him. Jennie—he was glad of this—had wit enough to be still; she would never make a show of herself for this stranger. He wished he might silence his wife with an angry word, but dared not speak it.

Abruptly, as he finished his coffee, he became conscious that the strange woman's knee was in contact with his. He stared at her, and color mounted into his tanned cheeks and burned there. After a moment he withdrew his knee, but hers immediately made contact once more, and he felt, or seemed to feel, a definite pressure.

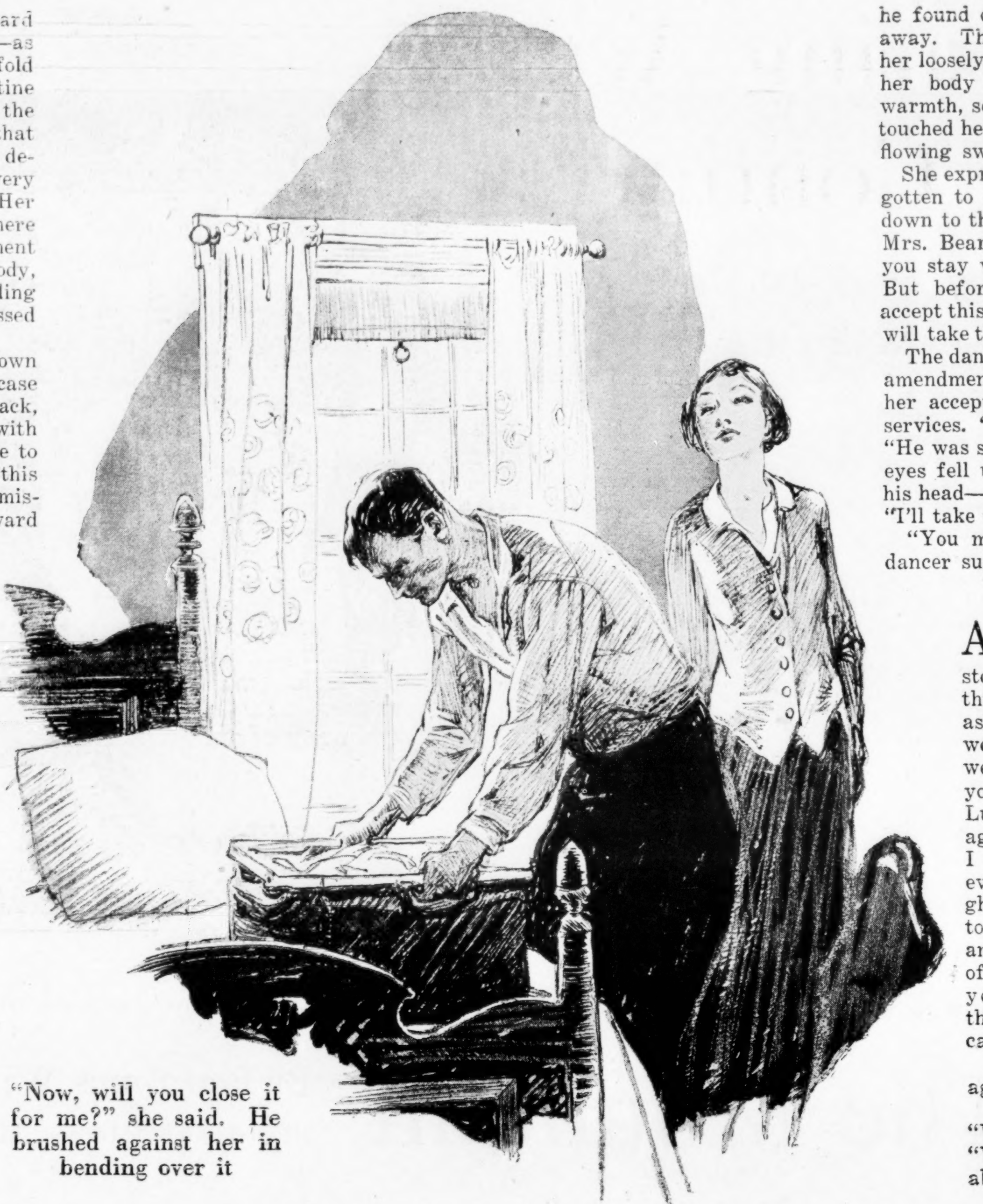
Then she met his eyes, and though her own were serene, within their depths he saw laughter lurking.

He pushed back his chair, its legs jarring and grating across the floor, and got up and left the table. His hat was on the drain board by the sink, and he jammed it down on his head and without looking around, went out into the barnyard.

Behind him, in the kitchen, he heard the dancer laugh.

After breakfast was done Mrs. Beard and Jennie devoted themselves—as their custom was—to the manifold small tasks involved in the routine of the farm. The dancer, leaving the table, had chosen to recline on that hair-cloth sofa where Dave had deposited her the night before. Its very barbarity seemed to appeal to her. Her loose hair she allowed to stream where it would; the folds of her vivid garment formed pleasant lines along her body, and trailed toward the floor revealing her pajama-clad legs and crossed ankles.

From a pocket of the dressing gown she took a black enamel cigarette case and selected a cigarette—also black, with a gold tip—which she lighted with a match Jennie brought in response to her request. Mrs. Beard watched this proceeding with an expression of mistrust, as though she expected untoward results from it, but Jennie seemed unconscious that their guest did anything extraordinary.



"Now, will you close it for me?" she said. He brushed against her in bending over it

THE dancer watched Jennie, her back bending smoothly to her task, and her eyes were professionally appraising. She found beauty even in the movements with which Jennie later washed the dishes, and she was pleased with the postures assumed by the girl in the process of sweeping up the floor. Once, when Mrs. Beard was elsewhere, she called:

"Child, come here to me. I wish to feel you."

Jennie, faintly puzzled, nevertheless obeyed. The dancer sat up on the couch, a fresh cigarette drooping from her lips, and ran her hands along Jennie's arms and sides, down her thighs; and at last she said with a low laugh of delight: "But you are as solid as I. Only the calves of your legs are not so strong. That would come with practice."

Jennie considered this slowly, and so asked: "You mean, if I tried to learn to dance like you?"

The other waved one hand in a wide gesture. "You have much more than I had, to begin with," she declared. "I was small, you see, and not strong. You are tall and strong; and length of line is always an added beauty—if the proportions be good. Your proportions are good, my child," she added dryly. "Have no fear as to that."

Jennie listened with drooping head, then—her mother returning—resumed her tasks. The dancer continued to watch. "So much to be done every day?" she asked.

"We're busy, yes," Jennie confessed.

"But you work as hard as I," the other commented. "And for such small matters, after all."

"A farm's a dreadful place for a woman," Mrs. Beard agreed, eager for sympathy. "And Dave's a hard man too. He expects a lot. I tell Jennie I hate to think of her marrying a farmer."

The dancer smiled at Jennie. "But you must have thought of such matters, have you not?" she asked; and at Jennie's slow color, laughed with delight.

After a time she went upstairs—she displayed no evidences of being lame this morning—and assumed the clothes she had worn the day before. During her absence Dave once came into the kitchen, looking about for her while he took a drink of water from the pump in the sink. He caught Jennie's eye upon him and asked: "Where's she gone to?"

"She's dressing," Jennie explained; and he went out into the yard again and about his work without further inquiry.

A little before noon, Steve, the chauffeur, came to the kitchen door, and Jennie saw him through the screen. The dancer had come downstairs a little while before, and was talking with Mrs. Beard in the seldom-used dining-room, where the table was being set for midday dinner. Steve took off his cap and grinned at Jennie, deep lines cutting the ends of his mouth, and said:

"Good morning, sister."

JENNIE was faintly startled at the manner of this address, but under her quick scrutiny Steve bore himself so well that she decided he meant no harm by it.

"Good morning," she replied.

"How's every little thing?"

"Why, all right."

"Mind if I come in? I came up to ask after Her Highness."

"She's in with mother," Jennie explained. He had come into the kitchen and stood at ease, curious eyes busy, returning now and then to rest on Jennie with frank admiration.

"Luigi wants to know if she's coming down to camp."

"I'll ask," Jennie promised. "But I think she's going to stay here for dinner. We're planning on her."

Steve looked toward the stove, from whose hot front pleasant odors rose. "I'll say she's in luck," he said, grinning.

"We'd like to have you all, I'm sure," Jennie told him. "Father killed some chickens."

Mrs. Beard had heard them talking and came to the door, and the dancer followed her and saw the chauffeur. "What is it, Steve?" she asked.

"Luigi wanted to know when you were coming down," he explained.

"Oh, by and by," she retorted carelessly. "Tell him to contain himself."

Steve chuckled. "He's containing himself, I'll say. He's been in bed all morning."

"Laziness of a pig," she commented, smiling at Jennie. "When I am not there to keep him in order." She turned to Steve again. "Tell him I will come this afternoon."

He looked at her. "Your leg all right?"

"But yes. My young friend—" She glanced at Jennie amiably. "She has done good work upon it."

He nodded. "All right. See you later on." At the door he looked back at Jennie. "You ought to come down, too," he suggested. "See our layout. It's pretty slick down there."

"She will come," the dancer assured him, amused understanding in her eyes. "Do not concern yourself as to that."

DINNER that day was as silent as breakfast had been. The fare was lavish, the strange woman ate with delighted appreciation; and Mrs. Beard was in that good humor which successful cooking brings to women of her type. Dave sat at the head of the table, silent, his eyes upon his plate; and the dancer watched him with malicious amusement and found delight in speaking to him now and then, forcing him to reply to her.

He did reply, but as briefly as possible, and his eyes never encountered hers. But he could not avoid seeing her hands and arms; and as she sat beside him, the curve of her shoulder and waist, forever assuming new lines as she moved, caught his attention so that he found difficulty in turning his head away. The soft leather jacket, fitting her loosely, nevertheless shaped itself to her body and gave a suggestion of warmth, so that it seemed to him if he touched her sleeve he must feel the blood flowing swiftly in her arm beneath.

She expressed regret that she had forgotten to send her bag and belongings down to the pond by Steve's hand; and Mrs. Beard said: "We'd love to have you stay with us, 'long as you want." But before the strange woman could accept this invitation, she added: "Dave will take them down for you, though."

The dancer smiled at the other's hasty amendment, at the same time nodding her acceptance of this offer of Dave's services. "I'm sure he will," she agreed. "He was so good to me last night." Her eyes fell upon him, but he did not lift his head—only said, grudgingly enough: "I'll take them down."

"You must be so busy a man," the dancer suggested mischievously.

"I'll find time," Dave retorted.

AN HOUR or two after dinner Dave came to the kitchen and stood in the door, facing the three women together there, to ask whether her belongings were ready. She said they were. "But I must go with you," she decided. "Else that Luigi will be here to seek for me again. Also it is necessary that I arrange for our dinner this evening. He would give me spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti, if I took no hand." She smiled in amusement at the idiosyncrasies of her companion. "So perhaps you will show me the way through the woods?" Her eyes caught Dave's.

"You can come along," he agreed grudgingly.

The dancer turned to Jennie. "Will you not come?" she asked. "We find so many things to talk about together."

Jennie shook her head. "I've got too much to do," she said slowly. This was not wholly frank, but she felt herself entitled to her reticence.

"You can go if you want," Mrs. Beard told her, but Jennie insisted.

"Not now," she replied.

"I've got to go, and get back," Dave said relentlessly.

The strange woman uttered a little exclamation. "Mercy!" she cried. "I must not keep so busy a man. Come, and I will show you my things."

She invited him toward the stair, and he hesitated, then followed her. Jennie, with a little pang, watched them go into the hall. She could have wished to prevent her father's going into her room again; but the dancer's movement had surprised her, and she could not think sufficiently quickly to meet the emergency.

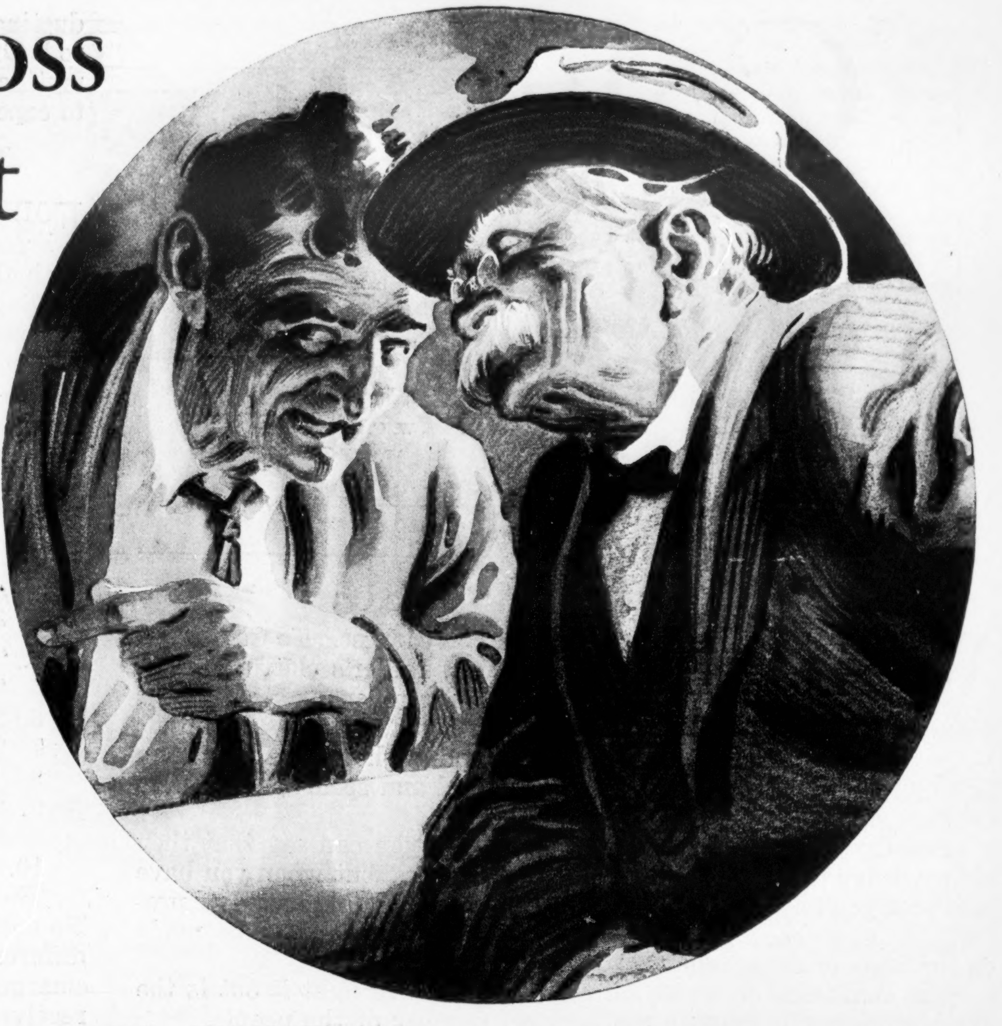
Dave followed the woman upstairs to Jennie's room, and stopped in the open door while the dancer rapidly folded this garment and that and thrust them into the open bag. He watched her with fascinated eyes; and she spoke to him in a low tone, as though to embrace him with herself in isolation from the others who might be listening below. What she said was of no account, just assurance that she would be ready in an instant, but when at last her things were packed, she said:

"Now, will you close it for me."

The bag was on the bed, and he crossed the room lumberingly. She did not move aside, so that he brushed against her in bending over it. He tried to shut his eyes to the intimate garments revealed there; but from them a cloud of fragrance rose, penetrating and persuasive. He snapped shut the fastenings with (*Continued on page 30*)

Detouring Across the Continent

Uncle Henry Finds Lots of Signs of Scenery When He Tries to See America First



"He told me where I could buy some cigarettes from a bootlegger"

MY DEAR ALONZO: I hope I don't need to remind you how I have always prided myself on being a 100 per cent American. I'm against war until there's a chance to fight, and I'm opposed to foreign entanglements except in the case of Swede cooks. I haven't voted for years, and within six months from the time a President is elected I'm searching my memory for new epithets to hurl at him. But when people talk about Seeing America First, what do they mean? How do you *do* it?

When you travel by train, a cinder invariably gets in your eye at every scenic crisis, or else a string of empty box cars bobs up just as you rush to the window to see some particularly notorious view. Even if you escape cinders and "empties," there are always sign boards. If one more cigarette is put on the market, Pike's Peak and the Washington Monument will be about the only things that won't be entirely hidden.

Worse Than a Stalled Ox

TOURING in an automobile isn't much better so far as seeing the rocks and rills and templed hills that figure in the famous song that every true American is always on the point of learning. We've been on the road four days now, and each evening finds my nose so firmly rooted in the Blue Book that they have to use a jack to get me ready for bed. Whatever effect this trip may have on my general health, it has certainly done my astigmatism a world of good. You never saw anything develop more rapidly, each day seeming to give it new strength and enthusiasm. I'm writing to the National Automobile Association to suggest "More and Better Astigmatisms" as a slogan.

There was a time when I had a feeling of pity for those poor pioneers who crossed the plains in the gold rush of '49, but now I think of them with an almost passionate envy. All they had to do was to point their faces to the setting sun and keep going until they stubbed their toes against the Rockies. They didn't have to worry about the right turn at the courthouse, the left fork at the cemetery, or the problems presented by 4-cor. left along fence or 26.3, large upright pipe on left, right, keep straight ahead 28.4, jog left, right across bridge, left 1 blk. to lumber yard, bear right 119.7. Oxen may have been slow, but you never had to take off their horns to hunt for ignition trouble or crawl under them to study their differentials.

Until this trip I was firmly of the opinion that automobile construction had been carried to the highest possible pitch of perfection. I can't recall an advertisement that showed a car in anything but rapid motion, and as I looked at the pictures of happy families lolling luxuriously on soft cushioned seats while the scenery sped by, it seemed to me that the last word in comfort had been spoken. But now I know better. Where they ought to put the soft cushions and cigar lighters is *under* the car.

When we started on this trip, I thought it was going to be a great chance to get acquainted with my son, but all I've ever seen of him is his legs. We talk a lot about eyes, but I don't know of anything more eloquent than a pair of legs protruding from under a car. Sometimes they speak so plainly that I won't even let my wife *look*.

The comforts and conveniences of an automobile ought to be put where they can be used. What good are mirrors, flower holders, saddle bag seats, and ash trays on top of the car? They ought to be down among the snubbers, differentials, and transmissions, where a man spends most of his time. If I ever go into the automobile business, I'll sweep the field with a car that has a hammock swung from axle to axle, with head rests every few feet, and reading lamps scattered around.

But don't understand me as knocking the automobile, 'Lonzo. Whatever its weaknesses, it has a pride and self-restraint that we human beings might do well to imitate. Never by any chance does one break down in public or expose its ailments to the callous gaze of the crowd. It may be suffering the torments of the damned from its carburetor, or be on the point of dissolution from hardening of the valves, varicose veins, or auto-intoxication, but with iron courage it will manage to stagger along until every evidence of civilization has been left far behind. Only when satisfied that there is not a garage within ten miles does it yield to weakness and give up the struggle.

The Noisy Caterpillar

DON'T talk to me about the silence of the grave. There's *no* stillness like that produced by an automobile when it breaks down. The hush that falls is so profound that the creep of a caterpillar ten miles away beats on your ear drums with unbearable violence. The dreadful quiet communicates itself to all nature, and there comes a horrible feeling that everything in the world has stopped. As you sit on the roadside, staring at the silent, motionless mass, you can't remember that it ever *did* move. You shut your eyes, and try to call up pictures of the time when it roared and raced, but memory and imagination both fail.

I'm sorry not to be able to write about the roads, as you asked, but so far our travel has been on detours. Never again will I be guilty of saying that there are no ideals of public service in America, for the way these destruction gangs work is an object lesson in zeal and indefatigability. Time after time, from the tops of hills, we've seen fair stretches of concrete in the distance, and it didn't seem possible that anything could be done to them before we got there. Yet when we reached the spot the road would be torn to pieces, a detour sign all painted and hung, and under the shade of near-by trees one could see the industrious workers hard at work recuperating from their frenzied efforts. You know what I've always said about golf courses. Why spend money in the fairways when 90 per cent of players are never near them? It's the *rough* that ought to be improved. Same way with roads. Why devote millions to them when nobody ever gets on one?

Neither am I able to give you the desired information about Kansas. To tell you the truth, 'Lonzo, what with trying to decide whether I was on the Golden Belt Highway, the Victory Highway, the Pike's Peak Ocean to to Ocean Highway, the Union Pacific Highway, the Victory Highway, the Midland Trail, the National Old Trail, or the Sante Fé Trail, and missing a left fork at the church coming out of some town at 78.2, I never even knew we were in the state until I tried to buy some cigarettes. When the man told me it was against the law to sell them, I knew then I was in Kansas all right enough. And when he leaned forward and whispered that he knew where I could buy some from a bootlegger, assurance was made doubly sure.

It's hard to keep track of states when you're motoring. Everybody starts out to take it slow and easy, but after you've spent the forenoon changing tires or trying to find out why they call it a self-starter, the afternoon finds you feverishly willing to break every speed law. I don't suppose I would have known that we were in Colorado but for a near tragedy that happened soon after we crossed the border. As we were bowling along between punctures, we heard screams for help and, rushing to where they came from, discovered that two men had fallen into a river and were smothering to death. Colorado is mighty careless with its rivers. Twice we saw streams that were still damp, somebody having left them out overnight so that they got rained on.

Folks Follow the Food

I MAY as well tell you now that all of my worst fears with respect to country hotels have been confirmed. In the heart of the dairy district, where cream ought to be so thick it takes two men to push it out of the pitcher, all you get is a blue trickle that makes you grab to see if your fountain pen is leaking. As for fresh vegetables, they never hear of them unless they read the city papers. I know now why so many people are leaving the country—they're following the *food*.

There's one thing, though, that you've got to give them credit for. No matter how poor the hotel every other way, its acoustics are always such as to excite the envy of any opera house in the world. Whether it be the whistle of a locomotive, the bay of a dog, the mating call of a Ford, the gay laughter back of the prescription counter at the drug store, every noise is reproduced and magnified by the walls of your room until you feel like the inmate of a microphone. When I get through this trip, I'm going to New York for a quiet night's sleep. I'll write again if my strength holds out.

HENRY.

P. S.—If ever you are tempted to think me less than a true friend, kindly recall that I have not sent you a single picture postal.

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The Chase for Your Vote is On

WITH August the campaign opens up in earnest. To Collier's—in the light of the principles stated in Collier's platform: that government exists for men, not men for government; and that we must enlist in the public service the best and most capable minds—the candidates look better than usual and a whole lot better than in 1920. The platforms look about as usual and seem to mean less than ever.

For the Republicans and the Democrats, you can say that they acknowledge the existence of some of the issues, but when you have said that you have to stop. La Follette's is an old, old brand of protest, but everybody knows his campaign will principally be made on the issue of farm relief.

The real issue on which all three parties will fight it out is the greatest economic good to the greatest number of the people.

President Coolidge states the Republican position thus: "I am for economy. After that I am for more economy." Scientific tax reduction, the budget reform, cutting government expense, are the planks he really likes to feel under his feet.

Corruption in office has given the Democrats their battle cry. John W. Davis says: "The real issue will be honesty in government."

La Follette, as always, is driving at the "money power" of "the private monopoly system over the political and economic life of the American people."

But the voter will finally choose on personalities. American politics squints. Our approach to the polls is oblique. Until Election Day we let them prate about platforms: then we plump for a man whose personal style we like.

Here they are:

Coolidge, man of New England; cool, shrewd, mostly and purposely silent, but with one of the best radio voices you ever tuned in on; the business man's ideal of a public servant; waits to be pushed into position, but when he's there, acts courageously and minces no words.

Davis, man of the South and of the world; leading a torn party back to dignity; handsome, "a woman's ideal of what a man should be;" lawyer for bankers and corporations, but also for Debs and labor unions; already talking liberalism.

La Follette, man of the Northwest; Battling Bob, now old and perhaps too ill to take the stump, but rarin' to go; idol of railroad labor and wheat farmers; boss, zealot, and no doubt, as he sees it, true knight in the cause of the common man.

Among these we have to choose. But not yet. Let's wait till November—take our time in lining up—but meanwhile resolve now that nothing shall prevent us from casting our vote. Make the candidates bid, and bid high, for yours. Then cast it and stir up the neighbors to cast theirs.

Whatever candidate you like, the place to prove your liking is at the polls. Let's make this the Year of the Big Vote.

The Devil Hits Into a Double Play

A RADIO enthusiast told the Associated Manufacturers of Electrical Supplies that during the past year radio has kept out of the juvenile courts four out of every ten boys they were prepared to handle. He said that between making radio sets and tuning in, boys have found a way to defeat the imp that lures them into spending their energy overstock trying to outsmart the cops.

He doubled with the assertion that the 1924 boy is absorbing so much information from and through his radio set that when he approximates his dad's present age he'll be a much wiser citizen. Deducting the usual discount taken out for enthusiasts, enough remains to brace a growing impression that the devil that gets into boys is a mythical character invented by lazy people who lacked the ingenuity to cope with the clamoring of boys about how things work.

Not So Dumb as We May Seem

FOR those pessimists who are forever telling us that America is a breeding place of morons and comparing our "degenerate times" with the "good old days" there's cold comfort in a survey of the reading tastes of this generation recently made by the "International Book Review." Nearly two thousand men and women, in the most extensive poll of American readers ever taken, named the ten books of the present century that stand highest in their esteem. The vote came from those in every walk of life, women on distant Western farms, business men in New York offices, coal diggers and traveling salesmen marooned in small-town hotels, from those whose main outlet to life comes from reading and those who read but little. Here are the ten books receiving the highest vote:

1. "The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells.
2. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by V. Blasco Ibañez.
3. "If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutchinson.
4. "The Americanization of Edward Bok," by Edward Bok.
5. "The Life of Christ," by Giovanni Papini.
6. "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill.
7. "Short Stories," by O. Henry.
8. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister.
9. "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," by Burton J. Hendrick.
10. "The Mind in the Making," by James Harvey Robinson.

These ten are by no means the result of any general agreement. No one voter named them all. There were 1,201 authors and 2,164 different books in the running from which the victorious ten emerged. Mr. Wells received 563 votes while Professor Robinson received 254.

So that's the largest poll of the taste of the book readers of 1924. What were they reading in the eighties and nineties? According to the American "Bookman," among the most-read books in 1898 were "Quo Vadis," by Sienkiewicz (and this was the most discussed as well); "Hugh Wynne," by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen; "Captains Courageous," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Honorable Peter Sterling," by Paul Leicester Ford; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's "The Story of Jesus Christ;" Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward;" Hall Caine's "The Christian;" Nansen's "Farthest North;" "The Kentuckians," by John Fox.

Minds capable of enjoying the sweep and scope of Wells, the social inspiration of Robinson, and the subtleties of Papini are surely not on the toboggan. Yes, we've read the results of the army intelligence tests, but having seen some of these tests applied we still have our fingers crossed. Maybe we're not as dumb as they would make us out to be.

Out Where the West Ends

SEATTLE has quadrupled her population in twenty years and is the biggest city of her age in the world. She determined that her people should not be packed like Manhattan sardines. Hence she is our sixth city in area. She has eight railways and fifty-six steamship lines; and her streets, end to end, would reach to San Diego.

Seattle is young, vigorous, and entitled to tell the world.

But what strikes the fancy most is the fact that her boosters have broadcast this: Seattle creates $300,000,000 worth of new wealth each year in her manufacturing plants, or more each year than the value of all her real and improved property. Service may be the measure of a city, of a corporation, of a man.

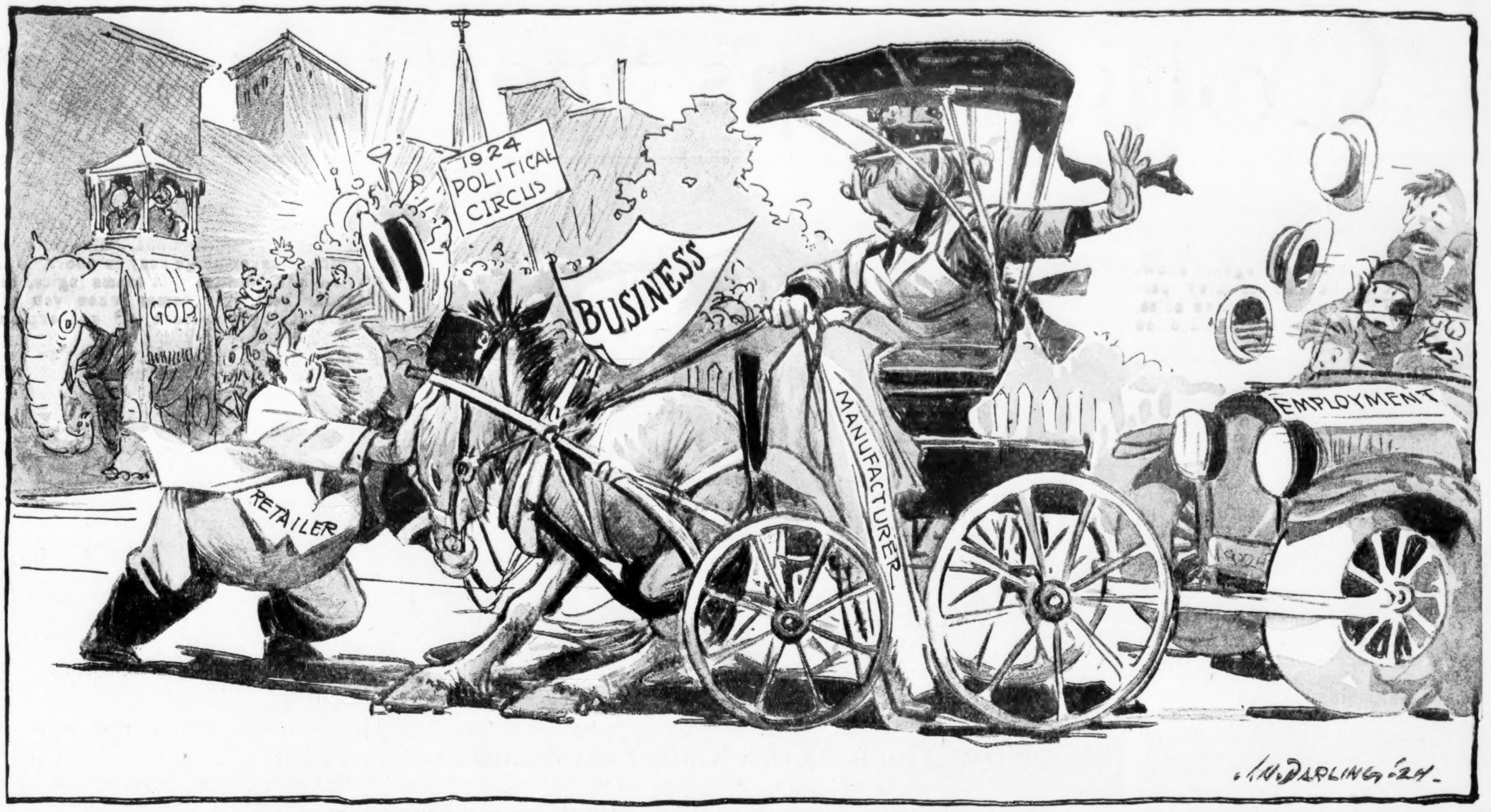
For Teachers to Paste in Their Hats

FOR over thirty years Simon N. Patten taught economics at the University of Pennsylvania, and his work lives on in those whom he taught. Dr. Patten was often a storm-center and neither asked nor gave any easy agreement. But he saw clearly and far into the teaching business. Read these two sentences from a book of his essays:

"If we move our students we move the world."

"There is but one real world, and whoever would exert an influence must be in it."

Summer is a good time for teachers to ponder such wisdom. Those two sentences are worth space in the creed of the fighting, forward-moving scheme of education by which our generation will help and bless those yet to come.



"Taking no chances on having a runaway"

You Can Spend What You Like on Radio

AT a radio show we saw an ordinary piano in which a powerful radio set had been installed, using the piano wires for antennæ. With it you could accompany your favorite broadcast artist if you wished—and if you had $800.

In New York there is a firm that charges consulting engineers' fees for radio installations in apartment houses where colonies of huge steel-skeletoned structures cause regions of low audibility. A Philadelphia dealer described to us a "job" that cost $2,000 because the cabinet had to duplicate the style of rare period furniture.

And on the other end of the scale: "We sold well over a million dollars' worth of radio supplies last year," the president of Woolworth's told us. "This year we are selling parts from which long-distance sets can be built."

Radio for $2,000; and radio on the counter of the Five and Ten. Both sets will receive the same program.

There is democracy for you.

What Will the Twenty-third Century Say?

THREE hundred years ago at Jamestown, at Plymouth Rock, along the tip of Manhattan Island, at Baltimore, and on the Delaware—the anniversaries are coming thick and fast. Each tells the same story. Men who hated tyranny, who loved freedom and wished a wider world for liberty to thrive in, dared every peril of storm and savagery to set up here the rude beginnings of America's greatness.

Men of many religions from Catholic to Quaker, of many lands from Sweden to France, had the same vision and the same victorious courage. In their tiny ships the United States was born.

These anniversaries are celebrated abroad as well as here. The Fourth of July is observed in London; the landing of the Huguenots is a holiday in old Rochelle; and the settlement of the New Netherlands means something in ancient Amsterdam.

History lives and the works of history go on. Here's hoping that we inheritors of the freedom harshly won by these pioneers are doing something worth commemorating 300 years from now.

Intelligent English

HE WAS a rather scrubby little person, and the naturalization judge hesitated to call him a fellow American. He asked this question:

"If you were drawn on the jury, would you serve?"

"Yess, sare, yess, uh-huh, I sure would! I spik not-mooch goot Englees, but eet ees efery man's duty to help make justice for hiss neighbor, and ve cannot trust justice to hired mans what does not care. Ve Americans must do jury all-same as fight. Yess, sare, Judge, uh-huh, I serve quick!"

"Glory be," exclaimed the judge, "I've found one American who knows that liberty is made and preserved by justice. Sir, you speak more intelligent English than some college-breds. I want to shake your hand and welcome you to the fullest citizenship this court can give!"

There be those who think that the homely things of citizenship—like voting and jury service—are common nuisances. But this Oregon judge knows better, and so do you.

Something to Feel Good About

A PAINSTAKING analysis of United States census figures for 1910 and 1920 bears out what health authorities have been telling us right along: that the span of human life is being surely lengthened.

We ought to feel good about that; not just because all of us will have two or three more years of life than our fathers had, but because we know better how to live than our fathers did. It is so obvious, after all, that most of us live only so long as we are fit to live.

When we have really learned how to live, there will be no fear of death any more.

Along the Byways

EVEN before the automobiles took over the main roads it was better to walk in the byways. Along the lesser roads people are not too hurried for a friendly greeting as they pass, and the very animals of the back country are less sophisticated—the horses and cattle look up from their pasture to gaze with frank interest at each passer-by.

Then, coming from time to time across the quiet of the countryside, are sounds that men have always heard gladly—the far-off crowing, like a mellow bugle, of a barnyard king—the distant creak and rumble of a farmer's heavy wagon rolling on upon the hills.

But best of all are the moments of discovery: late afternoon, when the shadows are growing long, and the road, bending suddenly about a low hill facing toward the bay, comes out upon a wide view down a valley wooded with dark green pines—and then, beyond, a great stretch of far water, deeply blue.

That is the allurement of the byways: quaintness is all about, and beauty lies in wait—perhaps around the next turning of the lane.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Hagen's Triumph

"THE great crowd roared its applause because Hagen, knowing that he had to play perfect golf for the last nine holes, reeled them off in 36 strokes, where the par is 38. Under a terrific nervous tension he battled successfully with a high wind which punished any shot a wee bit off the line. Twice during the final dash home Hagen was in bunkers. Twice he was in heavy rough. But to offset these handicaps he required only one putt on each of three greens. On his last round Hagen took only 33 strokes on the greens and to his putter he owes his second British championship."

The above is a paragraph from Arthur Draper's story in the New York "Herald-Tribune" of Hagen's second triumph in the British open golf championship. Consider now a line from an editorial in the same paper.

"It is not artistry," the line reads, "so much as determination and disregard of momentary adversity that makes Hagen the most formidable of all golfers."

We could all of us come closer to championship form in our various efforts if there were some headquarters where we could go and be equipped with automatic forgetters. The shot that has been played cannot be played again. The next shot must be faced with serene concentration. Trouble is only a ringing challenge to the best that is in a champion and the breaks will always even up before a sustained attack. The entry who knows these things is certain of his share of victories.

The Miraculous Nurmi

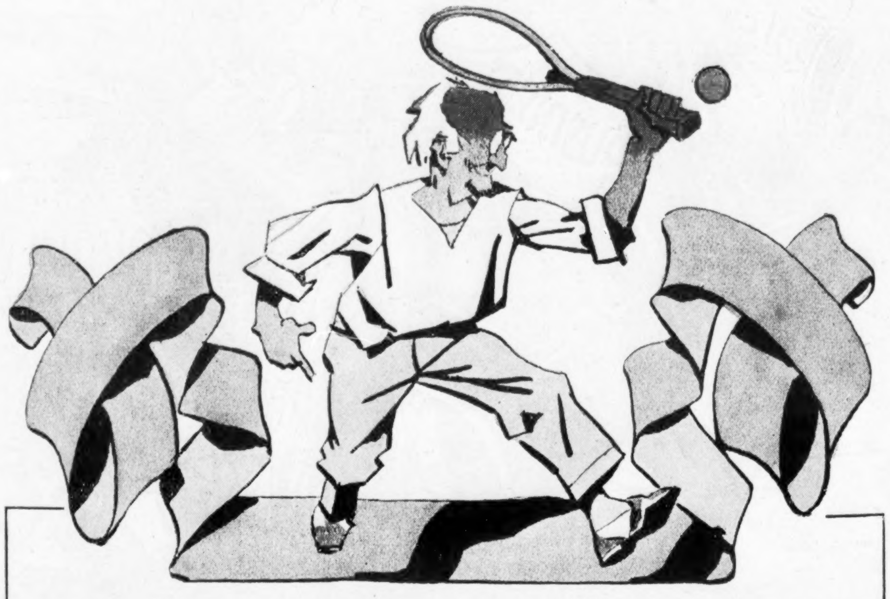
Nurmi, the Finn, was entered in six events at Paris. Whereupon the athletic world gasped and declared that this amazing Finn was some sort of a miraculous "iron man." He is no more an iron man than Ty Cobb, or Jack Dempsey, or Bill Tilden. All of these brilliants are simply men who have taken perfect care of themselves, preferring the rewards of self-discipline rather than the punishments of self-indulgence. All men of brilliant achievement are simply men who have had the good sense to see to it that their best was always on call. When any of us are able consistently to give the best that is in us the results are apt to be surprising, for the human being, with all cylinders working, is still capable of effort touched with fire.

⁂

Years ago Walter Hagen heard the old "Never up, never in" maxim of golf. For a year or more he practiced on the putting green and any putt that didn't drop went all the way from three to six feet beyond the hole. To-day Hagen is the finest putter in the game. The back of the cup hasn't got legs. Think it over.

"Attagirl"

On the same day on which the Metropolitan Father and Son golf tournament was held at the Garden City Club on Long Island a Mother and Daughter tournament was played at the Westchester-Biltmore Club in Westchester County, New York. Is the family unit splitting up? The family unit is simply realizing that Dad and the masculine youngsters haven't any exclusive claim on the privilege of acquiring health and strength and as this idea spreads the family unit will be harder to break up, either through disease or irritable nerves, than ever before. The spirit of "Attagirl" will work just as many wonders as "Attaboy."



How Much Work Can You Stand?

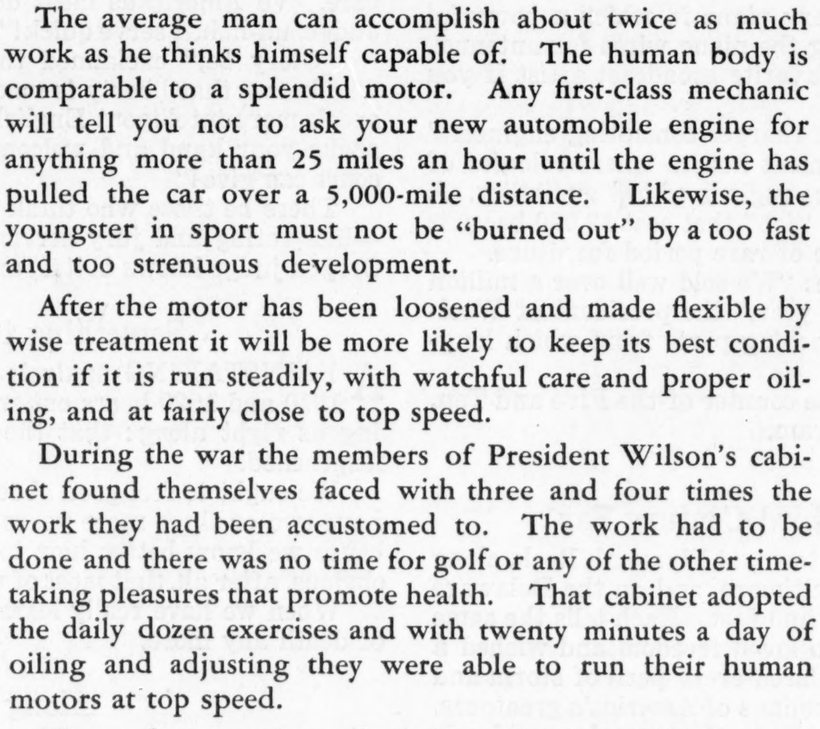
"In a recent issue of Collier's," C. V. writes, "you declare that very few men die or break down from overwork. Have you any idea just how much work a man can stand provided he obeys all the rules in the matter of health?"

The average man can accomplish about twice as much work as he thinks himself capable of. The human body is comparable to a splendid motor. Any first-class mechanic will tell you not to ask your new automobile engine for anything more than 25 miles an hour until the engine has pulled the car over a 5,000-mile distance. Likewise, the youngster in sport must not be "burned out" by a too fast and too strenuous development.

After the motor has been loosened and made flexible by wise treatment it will be more likely to keep its best condition if it is run steadily, with watchful care and proper oiling, and at fairly close to top speed.

During the war the members of President Wilson's cabinet found themselves faced with three and four times the work they had been accustomed to. The work had to be done and there was no time for golf or any of the other time-taking pleasures that promote health. That cabinet adopted the daily dozen exercises and with twenty minutes a day of oiling and adjusting they were able to run their human motors at top speed.

Most of us aren't really busy. We just think we are. With careful attention to the motor we can go ahead a lot faster and get a keener enjoyment out of the ride through life as the speed is increased. W. C.



Yes—Take It Easy

"I don't quite understand your advice to take things easy in sport," J. H. Litchfield writes. **"It seems logical that your best only comes when you give everything you have. Slight explanations** seem to be in order."

You have probably known the experience of driving to a country club to keep a golf engagement. You have started a bit later than you expected to and you are worried for fear you won't reach the course on time. You try to edge ahead of the traffic at every turn. The drive is a strain and, after an hour of worry, you arrive at the country club in time to play the match.

The match is over. You are on your way home with no particular anxiety as to the time you make. You navigate through the stream of vehicular traffic easily and, if you will notice, you find that you have made the homeward journey at faster speed than you achieved on the trip to the club.

In golf pick out a spot 150 yards from the tee and aim for it. The chances are that you will drive 200 yards and drive straight. In baseball plan to poke a single just over the infield and a triple is just as likely to result. Taking it easy doesn't mean holding back. Don't worry; don't try to hurry—take it easy.

Joie's Disappointment

Joie Ray has had one dominant ambition during the past two years: to meet the record-holding Nurmi of Finland at the 1,500-meter distance and beat him. Last winter experienced coaches told him that he wouldn't have a chance against Nurmi if he didn't quit burning himself out with constant campaigning on the indoor tracks. He disregarded the advice and at Paris knew the bitter disappointment of being relegated to the 3,000-meter race. Advice of coaches, it seems, should never be taken if your ambition is only to climb almost to the heights.

Form Wins for Brookes

Those who scorn the study of form in sport might profitably consider Norman Brookes and Maurice McLoughlin. Only a few years ago McLoughlin had tremendous energy and endurance to bring to the tennis wars. Brookes had form. McLoughlin, calling on everything he had in the way of dynamic force, beat Brookes in one of the historic tennis matches of all time. McLoughlin, still a young man, is through to-day as a championship candidate because he burned himself out with a style that was unorthodox. Brookes, at 46, beat Francis Hunter at Wimbledon with a beautiful display of form and tennis strategy. The right way of doing a thing is still the easiest way and the method that will last longest against the attack of the years.

How to Get Balance

"He's brilliant, but he hasn't got the balance to go very far." The expression is a common one in referring to a promising candidate who hasn't fulfilled predictions. Balance, both on the mental and physical sides, is an absolute necessity to a winning effort in sport. The boxer who isn't balanced correctly can start a knockout blow, but he can't finish it. The golfer, the tennis player, or the baseball man can't get power if he is not set firmly on his heels as the swing is started. The easiest method of destroying balance is to try too hard. The simplest method of acquiring it is not to try at all for a while until the swing or the punch you want comes naturally.

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The Conqueror's Ruby

Continued from page 6

repeated Channing. "What ring?"

"Come!" retorted the big man suddenly. "What have you done with it?"

"But I haven't the least idea what you are talking about. I have no ring. See." Channing held up his hands. "And why did this disgusting little Greek hit me on the head this morning? You're a pair of lunatics!"

"The ring you wore in the railway compartment!" Arnaoutoglou bounced up and down on his short legs, very much like a hot kernel of corn.

"S-so!" soothed the big man. "And if it was on his finger there, it must be here now. Search, Michel. He cannot have swallowed the ring."

That, however, seemed to be precisely what the prisoner must have done. The captive watched the more and more frantic examination of his personal effects with a slight smile at the corners of his mouth. "I told you so," he said sarcastically as Arnaoutoglou rose from rooting beneath the bed. "You are merely a fool."

"I tell you, you are a liar!" the little Greek shrieked in that peculiar high note so easily reached by Levantines. "You lie. It was on your finger, your left hand—the ring for which you, my chieftain, have been searching for over a year. The ring has come down to the Sheretbloucoff family from Genghis Khan!"

A GREAT paw closed with a smack over the mouth of the Greek. Pushed back, his acquisitive eyes protruding, Arnaoutoglou reached the door.

"Bah!" began the giant, trailing the exclamation with a laugh still more than half snort. "He makes too much noise. But Michel is often useful. His eyes are as keen as the nose of any dog. That is the reason I believe him. You had that ring when you were on the train. Where is it?"

Channing asked for a cigarette. He sat for some time with the gray smoke writhing upward from his fingers. His captor's eyes were possessed of a somber brilliance, like the sudden reflection from split coal. But when that stare fell on the American, Channing held the glance.

"That's a very thrilling story—about a ring that once belonged to Genghis Khan. We don't have that sort of melodrama in America. But once and for all, will you let me point out that your little watchdog must have been very drunk indeed last night! I never had a ring. I have none now. By the way, if you intend to keep up this foolishness, I'd appreciate a carton of these cigarettes."

"Yes-s-s," muttered the man thoughtfully. "They are good cigarettes!"

He climbed to his feet, ponderous and pensive. "You are at liberty to consider for a few hours. I shall remember to stand you some of these cigarettes.

"If you wish to make love to the pretty Russian girl who will bring you your dinner," he continued, "you may—to your entire capacity as a pantomimist. She knows nothing but her own language and what she has picked up of Rumanian. Not much, I am afraid. I warn you that she is a quiet girl—an excellent servant. During the war she served the Russian army as a nurse. Here she looks after my wife, an invalid. But I see that I tire you. The next few hours will not, I fear, prove exciting. You will have ample opportunity to consider."

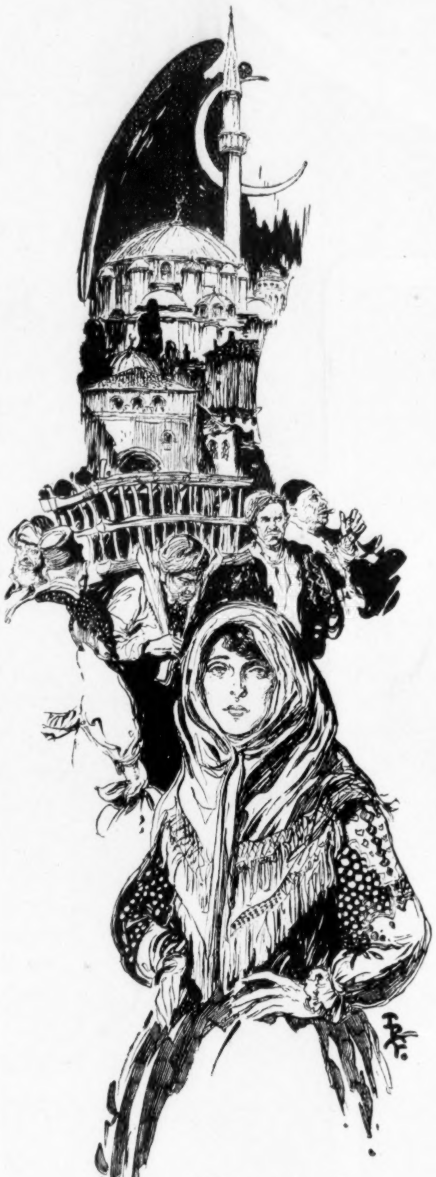
The heavy black brows of the man snapped together so suddenly as to produce the feeling that there ought to have been a click accompanying their change of position. "Ample time to consider! And this is my offer. Produce that ring and I shall free you. More, I shall convey you out of Rumania, where, after all, you might not find your memories as pleasant as you would wish. But you continue to deny any knowledge of the ring—well, my friend Michel is liable to be most annoyed. He has primitive ideas. He has already expressed them to me. Michel does not seem to admire you, as I find myself doing. No, Arnaoutoglou does not admire you! He can be very cruel. Think it over, Mr. Channing. Remember that a ringless finger is better—far better—than a headless neck!"

George Channing sat in the rays cast by a kerosene lamp that rested on the table. Although it was eight o'clock that night, the matter of hunger did not noticeably oppress him.

"A ringless finger—a headless neck." The way in which the giant expressed himself was unpleasant.

Channing straightened his spine. His attitude was uncompromising.

The prisoner's thoughts turned at length from the two dissimilar men who were responsible for his presence there in the Rumanian mountains. He was curious about the Russian servant girl.



The girl whose secret he would keep

With the opening of the door he discovered the emptiness within him. A draught from the corridor bore him the scent of soup—thick soup, with meat and many vegetables in it. So famished was he that it was a full five minutes before he looked up.

The Russian girl was still in the room. Her red jacket was covered by a shawl of vivid coloring, draped over her shoulders in the shape of a triangle.

A faint chord of memory, reached by the sight of her head and the pile of golden hair above it, was touched.

"Won't you sit down? I was so hungry I didn't notice. There's another chair."

Instead of replying, the girl gestured toward the window, beyond which tiny star points showed against the blue of the night. "I remained there, this evening, beneath the window; and I heard what Pajkuritch said to you."

The prisoner nodded, sipping his Chateau Palugay. His mind was fixed on her neck, the slope of her shoulders, the mass of her hair. It was not for several minutes that he recalled that the conversation with the big man had been carried on wholly in English!

"Pajkuritch," said Channing. "So that's his name. I tell you, I wish I knew something about their ring. It becomes monotonous."

Leaning forward, the young woman blew out the kerosene lamp. A single puff, and the room was in darkness.

About his knees, a second later, George Channing felt a pair of clasping arms. His hands, lowered instinctively, touched her hair.

"Have you still the ring? The Khan ring—they did not steal it from you?"

With no little difficulty the American extricated himself.

"Light the lamp," he ordered. "Has everybody gone mad? I never had a ring. The Greek was lying. Light the lamp, I say!"

Her voice, there in the summer darkness, had all the poignant feeling of a bell struck in the silence of a dim cathedral.

"You torture me—torture me far worse than if you beat me down. They said you had the ring this morning. It was my mother's."

IT WAS fortunate, decided Channing, that she had blown out the light. He would not have had her see the change in his expression, even at this impossible claim to kinship with the woman who died in the Constantinople hospital.

His eyes, growing accustomed to the gloom, could discern the outline of her figure. She was sitting on his cot, head bowed, hands supporting her chin. In her voice was that low, vibrating quality he had heard that afternoon.

There were little, gaspy sounds preceding her sentence, forcing her voice to a whisper. "Pajkuritch told you I was the servant of his wife. That is so. Before that I had been a long time in Bucharest."

Channing moved uneasily. He was on his way to Bucharest that day because of information he had picked up among the refugees in Germany and Austria. But her story was absurd.

"I became their servant because I heard Pajkuritch had my mother's ring. Remember, the first thing Pajkuritch said to the Greek? 'Once before we thought we had the ring.' It was no more chance for me to come here than it was for you to enter their automobile this morning."

The young man felt himself straining his eyes through the semidarkness, trying to see her features. "And so you became the servant of Pajkuritch's wife," he prompted; "because you thought he had your ring; or if he didn't have it, that the ring would turn up if you waited long enough. That's a likely yarn," he said to himself.

The girl hurried to the window and drew down the sash. "You will listen to me?" Again there was the catch in her throat which told of the difficulty she had in bringing herself to a semblance of calmness. "I shall not forget myself again. Let me sit here, at your side. You will believe me. You must *believe* me."

Channing felt a curious tugging at his muscles. He sat motionless, looking down at her hair.

"You must understand why I remained the servant of Pajkuritch. I knew about him, even before I heard that he had my mother's ring. Through his hands go half the jewels of eastern Europe. You are an American; you do not know about the crown jewels of this continent. But think of the kings overthrown and the death or the poverty of hundreds of those who used to belong to the nobility!"

"Most of those jewels are bought in my country," interrupted Channing "by the wives of war profiteers."

"They are not bought from the men who used to rule on this continent," said the girl bitterly. "They are bought from Pajkuritch: from him and his agents, like Arnaoutoglou, in every capital. A ring, the great Khan ring, would eventually reach Pajkuritch. That is the reason I remained his wife's servant."

"Well," said Channing, "a most remarkable story. But I don't understand why you take the trouble to confide in me. You evidently forget that I know nothing, absolutely nothing, of this Khan ring."

" I *know* that is not true!"

There was such conviction in the low tone that for the second time the man started; again he was glad she could not see the slight quiver across his face.

"It was made in the year 1212, in northern India," said the girl presently, "for the Emperor Genghis—for Genghis Khan. The ring is of dull, heavy gold. In the two clasped hands is a large ruby."

Above the girl, Channing's head nodded in relief. He finally came to his decision.

"Now listen to me, young lady. In the darkness of this room, you are charming in your peasant Rumanian costume. Charming and highly desirable, even as Pajkuritch hinted. He evidently thought that what could not be won by threats and bullying could easily be won by a pretty girl with a story Pajkuritch instructed her to tell me."

The girl recoiled as if he had struck her. Her hands clutched, contracting and relaxing, on her breast. Fingers pressed deeply into her bosom.

"You claim you listened to-night outside that window," pursued the captive in the same relentless tone. "If that is so, and you understand us, why on earth have you been talking Russian to me all this time? And the Khan ring! Preposterous! It's just as idiotic as it was when the Greek first mentioned it. Take that answer back to Pajkuritch—and thank him for these superlative cigarettes!"

It was a broken voice that finally reached the American. "I cannot blame you, but you are smashing my heart—to little—pointed—pieces. What do I care for that ring? Or the ruby? For months I have been without news of my mother. We were separated in the crowd of refugees, fighting to get on the ships at Sebastopol. I did not get to Constantinople with the others. I had no money. I could not search for my mother. What is the ring to me now! But I could trace it back. My mother—she may be dead. That is why you tear my heart! By not telling—"

THE words trailed away. The Russian girl was crying, almost without a sound.

A wonderful piece of acting! Yet even as Channing came to that conclusion—logically, inescapably—he cursed himself for the skepticism which rendered him incapable of believing a word that she told him.

How much easier to cross the room and put his arms about her shoulders, draw that glorious head to his breast, stifle her sobs with comforting words. How easy! In ten seconds he could explain how the ring disappeared.

The American moved a step nearer. He stopped himself. Of course she was one of Pajkuritch's agents.

The girl was by the door. Her sobs had ceased. There was a droop of her head—a movement like the falling forward of a heavy-petaled flower whose life roots have been cut by the knife of the gardener.

The pose, the tilt of that mass of her hair, the indistinct white of her neck—all these, visible in the murky room—caught up the strand of memory which had been rubbing against the brain of the prisoner.

"If you had believed me," she said, in English—in which hatred obliterated the soft consonant sounds that had been ever-present in her Russian—"if you had believed me," she repeated deliberately, "I would have given my life to help you escape. *My* life, for your escape. I would have known about my mother. You could have been rich, with the Genghis Khan ruby. Now you will die. They will make you suffer—horribly. They mean to kill you—to-night. I am the Princess Tamara Sheretbloucova."

As George Channing leaped forward, his hands struck the panels of the door. Through it he heard the snap of her key in the lock; then retreating footsteps.

From his parched throat came indistinguishable sounds—sounds that could not be heard even so close as the other side of the door. The daughter of the woman who died in his arms was already out of hearing. . . .

GEORGE CHANNING had never experienced the terror which comes with the knowledge of impending agony.

Two feet away, his swarthy features twisted into an expression of barbarian triumph, stood Michel Arnaoutoglou, the tiny mustache on his upper lip gleaming sweat.

Through Channing's brain, cloudy and indistinct, rushed impressions of the past few hours. They made a background for the mordant horror of what was about to happen to him—of what would happen to him when the straps in the fingers of iron were gathered only a trifle more tightly.

Behind his cigarette smoke, Pajkuritch was speaking. Endless rings floated gently through the yellow lamplight. "Not too fast, Michel. Let the man realize the price of his silence. Now tighten the bands—slowly."

Two minutes later George Channing fainted. The moans which were issuing from his lips ceased altogether.

Kyril Pajkuritch was viciously angry. But he did not raise his voice.

"Remove those bands, unwholesome whelp of a generation of cringing dogs! He breathes—there is life in him." The giant Serb, spinning Arnaoutoglou aside, felt over the body of the prisoner. "He is alive. It is no thanks to you. What have you against this American that you disobey my orders and try to kill him instantly? We want his secret, not his life. You cannot get words from a corpse. I should have waited until to-morrow, when he would have been refreshed by sleep. Michel, your parents drank filth from the gutters! Get out of this room. Summon the Russian girl, Matashka. Tell her to bring cognac and a bowl of cold water. If I see you once more to-night, there will be wailing in the kennels of Hellas!"

Pajkuritch remained in the prisoner's room only long enough to give a few directions to the girl.

The native cognac of Rumania is powerful enough to impart zest and energy to an Egyptian army. Scarcely a cupful had found its way down Channing's throat before bright spots showed in his cheeks, below the blue half circles that shadowed his bloodshot eyes.

Presently his eyes opened.

"Tamara—" The sound was half vocal, half whisper. "Tamara—Tamara! Why did you not—tell me—your name—before?"

The American made an effort to draw his spent frame together. He succeeded only in lifting his head an inch from the pillow. As it sank back, he whispered: "Tamara—closer! Your ear. Before the Greek hit my head this morning, I slipped your ring into the side of the automobile, below the window. What? The car went back to Bucharest? No matter. Go there—now. They will not learn from me—what I did with it. Go—go! It is yours. I came back—from America—to find you. . . ."

Were it not for a weakness which made it impossible for Channing to move about his room without supporting himself on the back of a chair, Kyril Pajkuritch would have said that the attitude of his prisoner, the next afternoon, was defiant. With a veneer of cosmopolitan experiences, personal courage was still the giant's only criterion. And the American boy had courage. There was no denying that.

"Eighteen hours. You have had a long and refreshing rest," remarked Pajkuritch. "I should find you in a sensible mood. For the last time, tell me what you did with the Khan ring."

"Eighteen hours—eighteen hours," George Channing was thinking. He did not know how far it was to Bucharest, but Tamara must be there by now. With unsteady hand, he poured himself a glass of wine. "I'll see you in hell first!"

Pajkuritch crossed one heavily booted leg over the other, staring at his blue velvet trousers. "Come, Mr. Channing! The human body is not durable. I don't believe you want to die, as I have the power—and Arnaoutoglou the desire—to see you die. If I were in your position, I should prefer to be alive without a ring than dead with a thousand jewels."

"I haven't changed my mind since yesterday."

The Serb scratched a match on the under side of the table. "Pure insanity!" he exclaimed. "How did the tradition grow up which calls it brave to adhere to one decision? The men who have marked the world did so because of their ability to face each new crisis in an unexpected manner."

Channing said nothing. He was eating a morsel of bread, looking out of the window at the swirling fog, driven by the wind that swept against the mountains from the foam crests of the Black Sea. Surely Tamara must have reached Bucharest hours ago.

"What the devil are you smiling at?" demanded Pajkuritch.

The captive took a sip of wine. He did not answer.

"A peculiar sense of humor. It must be highly developed in Americans. I shall tell you why I have hesitated about killing you. The United States Government has a certain uncanny luck in finding her vanished citizens. In your pocketbook (together with a letter from a member of your family in which there was mention of your having been in Constantinople in November, 1920, when the Khan ring disappeared) I found a carbon copy of a note from the American minister at Vienna to the minister of your legation in Bucharest."

"That was clever of you," said Channing.

"Wasn't it? But do not deceive yourself. I can dispose of your body so no man on earth can find it. The slight risk that I run does not deter me."

CHANNING put down the empty glass. He looked at his watch. Half past four. He had slept hours and hours. But Tamara had gone. She must have gone. The promise he made so long ago at last fulfilled. He was weary. And his head ached every time he moved it.

"Leave me alone," he muttered.

Pajkuritch rose, shrugging his wide shoulders. "Born a fool, you will always remain one! Channing, you sign your own certificate of death."

He opened the door and yelled down the corridor, "Arnaoutoglou! Y-oo-oh! Michel.

"Michel, you will gag the prisoner. I will not listen to his howls. Leave one hand free. If he wishes to speak, he may raise that hand. But I do not think that he will speak. I shall not interfere with you further."

George Channing was strapped to a chair. His single effort, a kick that caught Arnaoutoglou on the shin, was returned by the Greek's closed fist. In the American's head was an amazing lightness, shot through with lightning flashes.

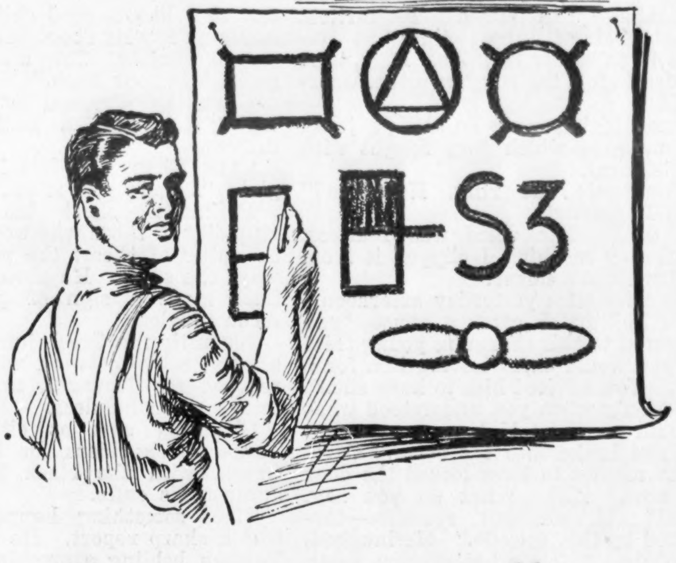
He heard the swishing of innumerable splashing raindrops.

Then, as Michel bent down to adjust another strap, Channing felt, rather than saw, the Greek reeling aside. His vision cleared. He saw Tamara distinctly. Her hair was wrapped in a brilliant shawl, and a faded mackintosh covered her white smock.

"And what brings you into this scene, Natashka?" Pajkuritch did not move from the window.

The girl thrust her hands deep into the pockets of the raincoat. In a cor-

(*Continued on page 26*)



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The Conqueror's Ruby

Continued from page 25

ner, Michel was cursing her as he picked himself up.

"Back, Michel!" she cried. "Keep that distance between us."

"A gr-reat piece of bravado. Natashka!" exclaimed Pajkuritch. "What affair of yours is this?"

"It is an affair of mine. It is mine because I stole the ring from the American."

Arnaoutoglou made an abrupt, jerky movement, in which fury fought with astonishment.

"You stole the ring, Natashka?" asked Pajkuritch.

"I did." The voice was fearless. "Yesterday morning I slipped it from the American's finger."

"So some time yesterday afternoon," began Pajkuritch after a pause, "you whispered to this charming young thief that you would enjoy having him for a lover. You advised him to keep silent. It was only when you understood what it would cost him to keep your secret that you broke into the room. Careless of me not to have locked the door just now. Eh? What do you say, Michel? A pleasant romance—terminated by this episode." He laughed, ominously. "Now what do you mean to do with a ring worth ten thousand pounds sterling? Have we treated you so badly, Natashka, that you must steal from us, who took you in?"

George Channing smiled. Tamara had not gone to Bucharest at all. She had remained to save his life.

"Step away, Michel. Come no nearer!" commanded Tamara.

"Why do you think the ring is yours?" inquired Pajkuritch, lighting another cigarette. He seemed to wish to draw out the scene.

"By right of birth."

"What!"

"My father was Prince Demetri Sheretbloucov!"

THE somber blue eyes of the Serb moved from one to the other. From his total lack of surprise the girl might have called his attention to the weather. "Natashka," he said, "that is an assertion somewhat difficult to prove. Do not try. The American would have explained about the ring in a moment."

"That is not true. He would never have told you."

"So you think, Natashka. But you have proved nothing by breaking into this room—nothing, except that you love him! See how your cheeks burn. They are crimson, darkening your eyes! You are angry? Forget it. Give me the ring like a good child and dream of the pretty lie about being a princess if you want to. Toss me the ring and go back to your work."

Channing strained at the straps, trying to reach a buckle with his fingers.

"The Khan ring is mine," said the girl. "I won't give it up."

Pajkuritch shook his head. The stupidity of those who would not yield! So futile of them; the result was always the same. He always won. The Serb made a sign of permission to Arnaoutoglou.

Instantly the Greek jumped forward, a wiry, active octopus, with arms that reached for Tamara's arms, eager to render them helpless.

Channing saw at either side of Tamara's shoulders the hands of the Greek, with the black hair outlined against his cuffs.

Then something happened. There was a sharp report. He saw Princess Tamara holding a smoking automatic.

At her feet the American saw the legs of Michel Arnaoutoglou. They were drawing up; then kicking out—again and again.

Lazy smoke rings kept their shape over Pajkuritch's head. He hadn't moved.

"And what next, now you have sent my little Michel where he belongs?"

"Put up your hands, Pajkuritch!"

Smiling sardonically, Pajkuritch obeyed. "What next?" he repeated.

Covering Pajkuritch with her pistol, the princess put another within George's reach, then brought out an eight-inch knife, the hilt of which sparkled with stones. About the taut cords, George felt her fingers. A jerk or two and his limbs were released.

"I say," complained Pajkuritch. "My arms are getting cramped—"

"*Shut* up!" commanded George Channing.

Under cover of Channing's pistol, Tamara took half a dozen papers from Pajkuritch's brown velvet coat. They included an American passport and a letter of credit from a New York bank.

"Thank you, Tamara," said Channing. "I want to tell this man something—something he hasn't even imagined. You laughed, Pajkuritch, because you knew that Tamara did not take the ring from my finger. If it had been on my hand when Arnaoutoglou hit me on the head, my body would have been in the Dimbovitza River by this time, halfway to the Black Sea."

"I salute your superior intelligence." The Serb grinned insolently.

"And why was the Greek so anxious to kill me, last night without torturing me into telling you what I did with it? You cannot guess, Pajkuritch? I could not guess either. Now it comes to me—now I know! A Pera Greek can never keep his hands quiet at the mention of gold. Arnaoutoglou wanted to have me killed quickly, in *your* presence, so you would not suspect. Yesterday morning, in the automobile, as soon as he saw the ring was not on my hand, he hunted in the car. And he must have found it! Feel in the pocket of Arnaoutoglou's shirt, Tamara. If you move one inch, Pajkuritch, I'll blow your head off!" . . .

GEORGE CHANNING and Tamara sat on a balcony that overlooked the Golden Horn. Beyond, farther than the tallest pointed minaret that guards the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent—farther than the dim line of the ancient aqueduct of Valens—farther even than the hills of eastern Thrace, the sky was changing from burnt orange to purest, brilliant scarlet.

The hand of the girl rested on his. He could feel the warmth of her slender body, close to his own. They were talking in low tones, watching the indescribable beauty of the Eastern sunset.

"I wonder how I managed to keep going at all," said the young man. "It took all the strength I had to strap that old villain to the bars of his own window. I'd like to have heard him when he chewed through the gag in his mouth!"

Tamara shuddered slightly. "Do not say that. Even now I worry, fearing to open a door lest he be inside it."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed George cheerfully. "We've been here five days, and he hasn't turned up yet. If Pajkuritch knows what is good for him, he'll keep very much out of sight until the American Government has forgotten what a row their Rumanian legation made. And that won't be for some time either."

Tamara's hand stirred. The American looked down. He slid the heavy gold ring from her finger.

"Let me have one of the hairpins we bought at Gelata Serai this afternoon."

With the point, George pressed a catch between the finely-wrought clasped fingers. The whole upper part of the ring came open, attached at one wrist by infinitesimal hinges. Underneath was the ruby. It was exactly the color of blood. Shining and dark, reflecting the light of the sunset, it seemed to wink, to change size, to expand and contract in the twilight.

The girl's chin rested on his shoulder. "Did you ever hear the story," she asked— "the tradition that goes with this ruby? No? Then I shall tell you. They say that when the baby Temuchin, later the great conqueror, Genghis Khan, was born, his father discovered a clot of blood, clenched in his little fists. So they made him this ring, with the ruby. It is one of the six most perfect gems of its kind in the world.

"There is one more story too. Many times my mother has told me, laughing while I played with the ring, balancing it in my hand. It was to be owned in three different continents. Our family has had it since the sixteenth century. Europe was the second continent. Mother used to make jokes about the story, saying that if we suddenly became poor, she would sell it to a millionaire American."

The boy and the girl were silent. Each was thinking of the ring, and of the woman who had worn it until a chill November day in 1920. Her grave, high on a hill above the Bosporus, was no longer marked by a small wooden cross with no name on it. For her they had come to Constantinople.

When he would have given back the ring, Tamara closed her hand.

"It is yours. Keep it for me—always."

"But we shall be together always."

"I know, but I have another as precious!"

Tamara held up her slim left hand. On the fourth finger was a narrow platinum band. In the evening light it hardly showed at all.

George Channing raised her hand. He touched it with his lips.

"No, ni, dushka," murmured the girl. "Kiss not my fingers—they cannot reply to your kisses."

Below them, the first lights on the little fishing vessels in the Golden Horn began to twinkle.

Thinkers' Holiday

Continued from page 10

the breakfast of a Bengal Tiger."

" 'Twould not be possible," said Rivets with sarcasm and stroking his lean cheek, "that he would add to the grief I already have, by demanding money?"

"Three hundred," said the agent. "Well, what d'ye expect of passengers if you run your trains upside down?"

"Three hundred!" exclaimed Rivets, seizing his hair. "Does the bandit think a railroad manufactures its money? Reason with him. Explain that he will be stronger than ever when his spine knits together again." But as the agent sneered Rivets hastened himself to plead with Dugan. He examined the ticket and promised to lay off the conductor who did not work his train properly. Then he pleaded with the injured man, who listened with interest but would show no mercy to the P. D.

"What do you expect when traveling? What excuse have you for traveling at all?" asked the superintendent, but Dugan, with his papers hidden safe under his pillow, only groaned for answer and thought of the bridge timber which had nearly knocked the brains out of him.

When Rivets, hurrying back to the office, stood before his littered desk, stricken with this new grief, the widow O'Halloran dropped in to thank him for the courtesy of removing the post.

Now of all the troubles strapped to Rivets's thin shoulders, the heaviest was yesterday's notification from the blue-eyed Mrs. O'Halloran that he was about to lose the esteem of her. But with the extension of yards westward the post must stand according to regulations, not only as the limit of the yard but as the limit of Rivets's one and only love affair.

So you can easily imagine the surprise and pleasure of Rivets on seeing her enter the office with smiles, but as she thanked him he passed into a daze without contradicting her.

"For a day and a night 'twas like being serenaded with a calliope," went on Mrs. O'Halloran, "and I'm sure I'll never forget you for shutting it off."

And Rivets, not the first to betray his employers for a smile and the glance of a bright blue eye, replied with sentiment, "Damn the post and the company; we can extend the yards in the other direction." So the revenge of Con Dugan only prospered Rivets in his love affair; and now his scheming was turned back against himself.

For Mrs. O'Halloran, having sad experience of wrecks, was always first to offer help to the family of any man who was injured, and a famous nurse she was. And, having heard of the passenger injured the night before, she was on her way to cheer him up or lend a hand at caring for him.

" 'Tis possible," thought Rivets, "that the attention will soften the hard heart of the man toward the company." So he went along with her to the doctor's and there bespoke Dugan in a kind voice. "Here is a lady come to inquire for your health, which should be better from this moment," he said, but was interrupted by the little cry of Mrs. O'Halloran.

"Why, 'tis Mr. Dugan, who came at your order even through the storm last night to knock down the whistle post and throw it away," she said.

RIVETS, after a moment of surprise, gave the patient a cruel look, but kept still, willing to see how Dugan would carry on his false pretenses.

But Dugan was just off a long thinking trick, and made his answer easily. First he repeated: "The post is down, not to be set up again, I hope."

"There is no thought of that," replied Mrs. O'Halloran; "the yard can be extended in another direction."

"So Rivets has indorsed my lie to Mrs. O'Halloran," thought Dugan, "and betrayed his company as well. 'Tis the thing I ought to know."

When Mrs. O'Halloran asked him kindly how he should be in the wreck, he explained fully that when walking back through the yard the train approached from behind and turned over on him.

Injured he was, Dugan admitted, but not so badly as Mr. Rivets had feared, and he would not put Mrs. O'Halloran to any trouble at all. So, promising to send him some delicacy, the good lady departed with the superintendent, who escorted her home.

But he was not long in returning to the sick room. "So you are not hurt as much as I feared," he said, but was too glad to escape a three-hundred-dollar claim to do worse than warn him out of town.

Dugan was prompt to refuse and made a report, in form, of the bridge timber swiping at him so that he missed his train and was obliged to walk during a thunderstorm. " 'Twas only to put my claim in legal shape," he said, "so the company could pay it without red tape, that I crawled into the wreck with the ticket I found.

"Now, I will make the claim against yourself. And yourself will pay rather than have it known to the company why the yard is to be extended east instead of west; or to have it explained to Mrs. O'Halloran that you have deceived her regarding the removal of the whistle post."

Never a jaw hung so low as Rivets's when he heard this. " 'Tis a holdup, blackmail, murder," he said.

"And you would let three hundred dollars stand between you and Mrs. O'Halloran," replied Dugan.

In spite of his rage, Rivets felt keenly the scorn of Dugan. "Not three hundred or three million if I had it," and with an air of pride he wrote his check for three hundred and threw it at Dugan.

Then with a brace of the shoulders Rivets gave a tilt to his hat and walked out of the office and down to the end of the street on air, till he came to the O'Halloran cottage.

"Katy, Katy," he called, bursting inside and meeting her in the parlor with outstretched hands, "will you marry me?"

"I might, at that," laughed Mrs. O'Halloran, though with a gathering mist in her eyes, "if you want to increase your troubles."

'Twas not a week until Rivets, working late in his office one night, looked up to see Dugan standing within the door.

DUGAN was gaunt, and there was a mystery about him—something fearful and haunted. After counting out on the desk nearly three hundred dollars, he applied for a job and said, "Two thirds of my time for ten years I have devoted to thought, and what has it brought me to? The revenge against the whistle post, and the crookedness of the wreck claim, and the blackmail of yourself. Now I am afraid to think at all! I am overthought. I have quit it for good."

"I'll put you to braking," said Rivets.

"There is one condition that I make with the return of the three hundred," said Dugan. "Only to prove to myself that the guilt of me is forgiven, I will want to be invited to the wedding."

Rivets nodded in great good humor, and Dugan sat with bowed head a moment.

"But, hold!" says Dugan. "What would the bride say to receiving a freight brakeman among the guests? A conductor now—"

"You are taken on as freight conductor," says Rivets. "I see as long as you employ your wits you will be a scoundrel. But you will be safe on my division, for divil an employee I have whose intellects were not paralyzed the day I took them on the job. 'Tis the thinkers' holiday."

William Allen White Sizes 'Em Up

Continued from page 8

a group of spirits which he has himself called from the vasty deep.

La Follette has ever been a lone fighter. Compromise is not in his lexicon. It was inevitable that he should postpone the organization of his party until after the election. He could not possibly organize a party now. His convention in Cleveland, in July, was hardly a convention at all. It was a tribute, a splendid tribute, to a brave man whose wisdom for thirty active, successful years in American politics has been vindicated by time more often than that of any other contemporary statesman. He is a man of the highest personal character. Personally he is incorruptible. Politically he is immovable in his determination to battle in a finish fight for what he deems a just and righteous cause. His intellectual processes are strong and sound. In no personal quality of heart or mind or soul is either of his adversaries his superior. Birth, heredity, environment, have made him a crusader. He loves a long trek—the lone trail.

Coolidge is a lion with his class and caste surrounding him. Davis gets his courage from his mind. He is brave among his books, amid his traditions. La Follette grows strong drinking his own blood, becomes berserk when he whirls alone and turns upon the world. In this contest his personality and his creed, which may hardly be called a platform, will attract votes. A great crowd will rally to La Follette because he is La Follette. He might have stated his creed in a dozen different forms, or put forth no political pronouncement whatever, still his faithful disciples would follow him. Among them are the Socialists, the free-thinkers of many cults; possibly the single taxers and the Bull Moosers; the organized farmers, the organized laborers, the dreamers among the foreign-born.

Naturally this group ought to be worth a million votes to Mr. La Follette, at least, but it will be a minority in his following. He is sure to have a menacing vote of protest. Consciously or unconsciously, he has moved himself into a position where he attracts, naturally, that protest vote. And his enemies, those who hate him most, are helping him most to get that vote. Their chief argument against him is that he is leading a minority party, that he is of no importance. So millions who more or less disagree with him do not fear to vote for him so that they may register their protest.

Mr. Davis' legal connections are being emphasized unfairly by his opponents, and the net result of this emphasis will be to split the conservative vote between Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Davis. To the man in the factory or on the farm, to the clerk or to the small storekeeper, there will seem to be little difference between the liberal conservatism of Mr. Davis and the cautious conservatism of Mr. Coolidge. But this small and neglected man may see in La Follette a challenging adventure into something new.

More than this, both the old parties are dry. One is as bone-dry as the other. The two old parties will split the dry vote. La Follette's platform is wet, and your respectable eastern seaboard citizen groaning over his mahogany desk four hours a day, at hard labor, to buy furs for the bootlegger's daughter, turns to La Follette naturally as to one who can express the Tired Business Man's dream of a twenty-five-cent bottle of beer in the ice box.

And so there abideth these three—Coolidge, Davis, and La Follette. Each represents, fairly definitely, an estate in American politics. The honest, intelligent, efficient, and courageous conservative finds a haven after his own heart in the Republican party. The restless, confused liberal who is too intelligent to believe that the moon is made of green cheese, and so qualifies his hopes by his sad experience, will find rest for his soul with Davis and the Democrats. The free, untrammeled, fearless, and disillusioned liberal of the Left Wing, the radical, the discontented, and the rebellious seeker for illicit booze will gather with enthusiasm around the banner of La Follette.

The danger of La Follette to those who regard his cause as a menace arises from the fact that he alone has had the courage to state, simply, bluntly, and in its rawest terms, the creed which he espouses. Fear has divided his adversaries, and La Follette's courage as a lone fighter has united his forces.

IT HAS been many years since American politics has seen issues and causes so clearly and simply stated. If there is, as we old-fashioned people believe who still are fond of our Constitution, any virtue left in the ballot as a means of expressing political faith, here in this campaign we find it rather easy for the average citizen to cast his vote. But of course it is impossible that when the ballots are counted they will produce a mandate from the people for our government to follow either of the parties. The result will be a compromise, naturally. And there will be wisdom in the compromise even though for a moment it may bring confusion.

Fortunately, when the votes are counted, when the President and the Congress are elected, the other great agencies of government, which express public opinion, will, in the end, bring order out of confusion; will give final instructions to our public servants. This is not a government of parties. It is a government of public opinion, and public opinion is a thousand-throated voice. The parties sound but one small trumpet on this clarion note. Yet this thousand-throated voice none the less speaks clearly, and at last, through confusion and conflict, amid hesitation and doubt, does utter the Voice of God.

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The Hardest Job in the World

Continued from page 15

history and a young woman who is a playwright. She was beautifully cared for and did not represent a "behavior problem" till she reached the age of three. First she began to run away and at one time got on a street car which took her five miles from home in a large city. Her distracted parents were unable to find her for over twenty-four hours, when the police returned her. At the age of four she virtually destroyed a baby grand piano.

At times it seemed as if she would wreck the house. She suffered from enuresis until she was six. She was the kind of little hellion whom most of us would want to thrash into submission, but every time she was spanked she exacted revenge in almost diabolical ways. She was punished and disciplined to no avail.

Suddenly the picture changed. She became much better-natured and less likely to destroy things. At the same time one of her feet began to stiffen. She was rushed to a specialist, who put her into the hands of a famous orthopedist. In a few days this doctor reported that there was no difficulty with the foot—that the child could use it perfectly well if she wanted to. In the next two years many physicians were consulted, and the trouble grew steadily worse. The child became lame and had to use a crutch because the whole leg would not function.

The child was then placed in the hands of a psychiatrist, who studied her mind, and was given over to a psychological nurse. The doctor talked to her for an hour a day. Within a month the cure was complete. There has been no recurrence.

The fact of the matter is that this child behaved as she did because of the home environment and the situation between mother and father and mother-in-law. The child required an atmosphere of kindness and good will in the face of which she saw and heard bitter quarrels between her mother, father, and grandmother. In this bickering she participated by imitation. The grandmother was, for some reason or other, much disturbed that her own daughter had trouble with flat-foot and continually talked about it in front of the granddaughter, expressing the fear that the child would also have trouble with her feet. As the child grew older and regained some feeling of confidence in her mother and grandmother it was unconsciously required of her that she express the unhappiness she saw and felt in some way. She no longer destroyed things; she developed unconsciously a crippled foot and leg much worse even than her grandmother had suggested.

The cure involved getting the girl to tell her story and to express, emotionally at least, the experiences she had gone through. Once it was out of her system through discussing it, there was no return of the difficulty.

Such a case, of course, might go in any number of ways, and if this child had come from a lower grade family it is reasonable to suppose that her tendencies might have led her eventually into the paths of real delinquency.

There was Ethel West, a daughter of a Philadelphia lawyer, a wealthy man, whose problem was acute, and, as usual, the result of her family environment. The mother was unhappy, irritable, and cross. Nothing around the house was ever "right." At the age of six the little girl began a series of crying spells lasting two days at a time, during which she neither ate nor slept. Medical men could not prevent them. She was sent to a boarding school in charge of a relative who mothered her, and all the time she was away had no hysterical moment. The trouble was explained to the mother, but she was unable to change her treatment of the daughter. When the little girl was brought home the crying fits again began. Because the mother cannot change, it is necessary for the daughter to live away from home, and it will be necessary until the little girl is much older.

But most of our problems are extremely simple. A child's mental processes are so direct that cures are effected almost always like magic. Love and real sympathy form a magic potion.

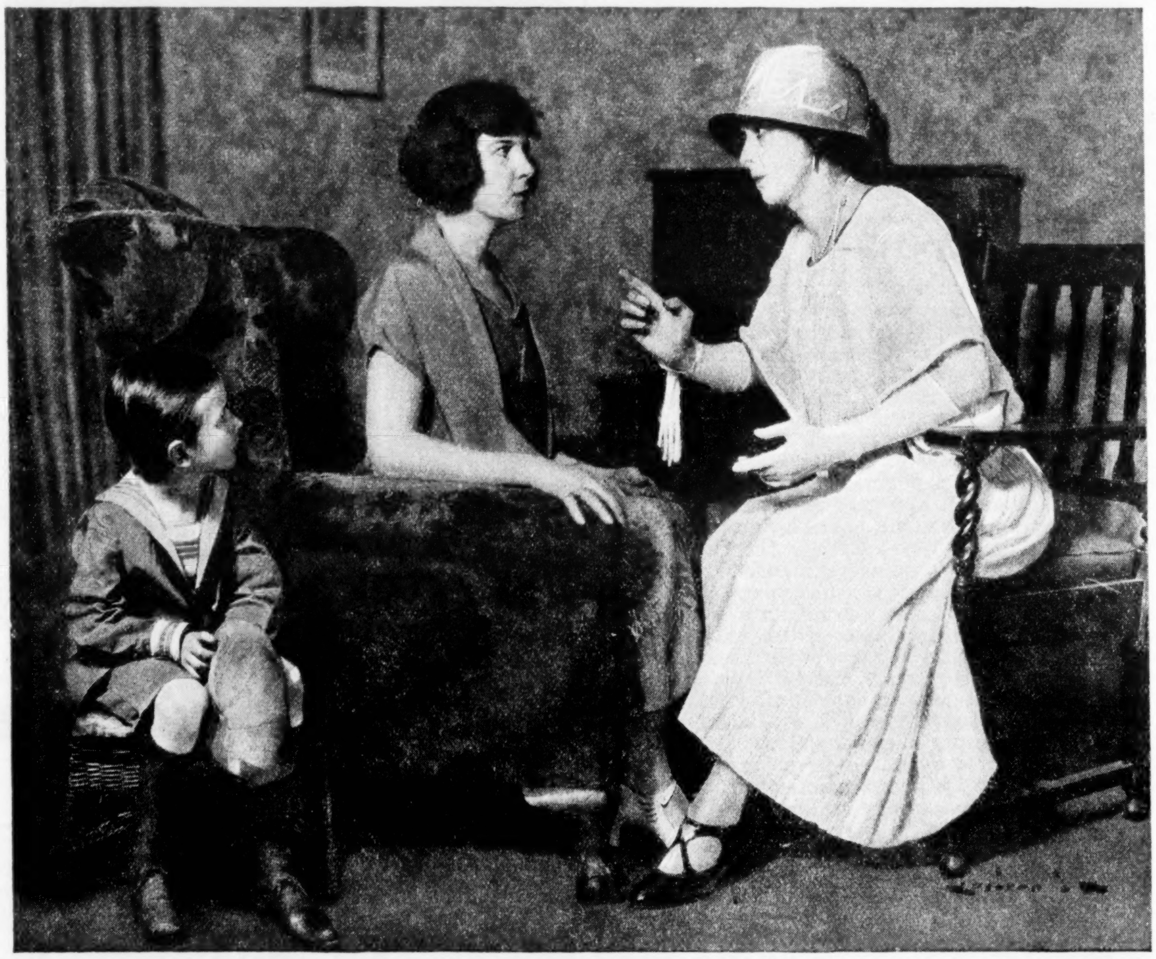
Dr. Helen Woolley of the Merril Palmer School in Detroit told me of one case that was fascinating. A little boy, four years old, son of a doctor, suddenly developed at nursery school a fear which prevented him from going downstairs by himself. A little investigation showed that the child connected the stairway in his own mind with one that, broken-hearted, he had walked down recently. He had been taken to the hospital to see his mother, who had just presented him with a baby brother. He was madly jealous and frightened. The stairway at school seemed to remind him of the hospital stair. But as soon as the situation was recognized by the parents, and the little boy regained his confidence in their love, his hysteria vanished. If, instead, he had been punished or forced, it is probable that a lifelong sense of fear and jealousy would have been established.

I talked over with the experts the case of my own Tommy. At two he became violently jealous of me! It was winter time, and he was always in bed when I got home from the office. As a result he saw me only on Sundays, and on those days I took from him much of his mother's attention. Every Sunday he became unbearably irritable. He would eat nothing. On the advice of a psychologist his mother went for a visit over a week-end, leaving me alone with the baby. I fed him, bathed him, and played with him. He was perfectly charming, and we had a grand time. The next Sunday and ever after he was perfectly normal and sweet. A year has passed and we have seen no evidence of jealousy on his part, even when his mother and I go away for the day together and he sees us depart.

Of course the older the child grows the harder it is to eradicate his sources of unhappiness, and the more serious they are. The delinquent who gets into court, provided he has a normal mind, is most distinctly the product of his home. He is expressing his own "failure" at home by his actions outside.

The history of almost every delinquent whom you examine is shown to be similar in that emotional difficulties at home are expressed in terms of wild behavior by the child. Cases handled by Dr. Healy of Boston and by Dr. Jessie Taft of Philadelphia bear this out. Dr. Taft has laid down a set of rules which have been drawn from her experiences with hundreds of cases of abnormal children.

The whole problem—the simplest in the world—is answered by the injunction to parents: be happy yourself. So it is also the most difficult problem of all. But if you cannot save yourself, remember, you can save the child! That is what proper handling of dependent children has taught us.



Of course the small boy is interested. He is the subject of the conversation. Read Rule 12 at the foot of this page

Thirteen Rules for Rearing Happy Children

THERE'S a right way and a wrong way to rear children. Study the following suggestions and learn the right way. They were formulated by an authority who understands young people—Dr. Jessie Taft, who is in charge of child study for the Children's Aid Society and the Children's Bureau of Pennsylvania.

1. Remember that the child who is really happy and active and interested all the day long, the child who is genuinely loved and approved of, who has companions and interesting work and play, who gets satisfying food and enough sleep, whose physical handicaps are corrected, seldom, if ever, develops or retains serious bad habits.
2. Have a thorough physical examination, to be sure that there are no causal factors here.
3. See that the physical hygiene is all it should be; that the child has the right food, sleep, fresh air, play, clothing, etc.
4. Have a mental examination, if possible, to determine the child's native intelligence.
5. Get the right attitude yourself. See that the child gets no sense of condemnation or inferiority from you.
6. Do nothing to fix attention on the habit or put the child under emotional strain regarding it. If you talk, talk in a matter-of-fact way and add to his information regarding the physiology involved.
7. Realize that a cure is indirect. Don't rely on fear, punishment, or rewards. Try to find out why the child is not developing. Seek for causes of dissatisfaction or lack of outlet in the environment.
8. Be alert and ready to alter environment instead of trying to alter the child.
9. Never use punishments which mean that the child has long periods of inactivity in which to daydream or seek pleasure in his own body. Never send the child to bed in the daytime.
10. Emphasize outdoor play, constructive play with blocks, tools, boxes, sand group play, organized play. Develop interest in the child's own gardens, chickens, or other project which he manages himself and from which he gets returns.
11. Visit his school, see if something is wrong there, engage the teacher's sympathetic interest, but don't "tell on the child" unless the teacher is an unusual person.
12. Never talk over the child's habits or faults with others in his hearing. Never use them to humiliate him before other children or grown-ups. Treat him with the same consideration you would show for the feelings of an adult.
13. Last, and most important, don't stop loving the child or, if you can't love him, realize that he is vitally handicapped until someone does love him, and make allowances.

The first rule covers Prevention; the rest may be classified as Treatment.

The Graceful Scamp

Continued from page 14

she examined her reflection in the mirror. "Of course," she added, as she turned around, "he admires himself."

"Why shouldn't he?" Ann asked.

Brenda walked over to the bed and began to hunt in the great pile of furs for her cape.

"It isn't the most engaging thing," Brenda began and stopped short. "Heavens, Ann," she said, "who's the man who's parked himself in your bed?"

Ann switched on the lights.

Dick Richards lay on the bed with his arms around a pillow, his body almost hidden in the wraps.

"How cute men are when they pass out!" Brenda said. She leaned over Dick and took him by the shoulder to shake him. But she did not shake him. She sank on one knee beside the bed and put her hand firmly on his forehead, in the gesture of a mother who suspects a child of being feverish.

"Only he's not drunk," Brenda said. Her fingers found his pulse. Her face took on the abstracted look of one who counts.

"Ann," she said, after a moment, "have you got a clinical thermometer?"

Ann rummaged in the bathroom cabinet and then in dresser drawers.

"Here you are," she said.

Brenda took the little glass tube, shook it down, and put it in Dick's mouth, under his tongue. He opened his eyes.

"Keep your mouth shut," Brenda said crisply. Dick shut his eyes.

After two minutes Brenda took the thermometer and held it under the dressing-table lamp.

"He's got 104," she said to Ann. "Where does he live?"

"Upstairs," Ann said.

Brenda bent and put her arm around Dick's shoulders. "Come on," she said, "let's get him up there."

They carried him, protesting a little, up to the rear studio.

"Now," said Brenda, "you run downstairs and see if there's a doctor in the crowd, and tell Enoch Bennett that I'm staying here so he needn't wait for me—and, Ann, bring me my cape."

When Ann got back Brenda had undressed him and made the bed up hospital fashion.

"No doctors," Ann said.

Brenda took her cape, put it on, made herself comfortable in the Morris chair.

"Look here," Ann said, "you aren't going to stay here?"

"I certainly am," Brenda said. "I'll get Williams on the phone as soon as it's light. He'll need a nurse, too."

"What about your job—to-morrow?"

Brenda was assistant editor of the Consolidated Film Corporation.

"To-morrow's Saturday," she said. I'll get in for an hour before noon."

"Wake me up at ten o'clock," Ann said, "and I'll spell you."

"All right," said Brenda.

Ann took a look around the bare room. It was like any young artist's combined living-room and studio, with a drawing table under a powerful stand lamp, a pile of portfolios in the corner, a cheap alarm clock, and half a dozen books on the mantel, and everything dusty. It seemed suddenly desolate to Ann. She listened a moment to Dick Richards's labored breathing.

"Good night, BB," she said affectionately to Brenda.

"Good night, Ann," said Brenda.

BRENDA awoke Ann the next morning at ten. She had an enormous cup of coffee in one hand and a small pitcher of cream in the other. Ann sat up, blinked, and took the coffee. Brenda sat on the edge of her bed.

"He's got it, all right," she said.

"What—influenza?"

"Pneumonia," Brenda answered. "Williams came in about eight. He says he's been walking around with it for a couple of days."

"Why," said Ann, "he might die."

"Williams says he's got a fifty-fifty chance. It's only the right lung so far—if the other one goes it's all off."

Ann got up and hunted for clothes.

"He'll need a night nurse and a day nurse."

"No chance," Brenda said. "Williams said he'd be lucky to find us one nurse. Epidemic, you know. It looks as if I'm elected."

"But you can't," Ann cried.

"No," Brenda said, "I can't let him die, either."

Ann looked at Brenda sharply.

"I'll be ready in five minutes," she said. "You go on to your office."

Brenda read manuscripts, edited scenarios, wrote continuity for the Consolidated Film Company. She was always swamped with work. She earned her salary.

"All right," Brenda said. "I'll be back by one at the worst."

She came back in a taxicab, with two tall tanks of oxygen that Hiram and the chauffeur dragged up the stairs.

"Williams says the crisis probably won't come for a week," she explained to Ann, "but I can't see myself ordering oxygen sent over and being told they can't deliver it for two days because of the snow."

THEY got a day nurse the next morning and started a chart. Dick got steadily worse. In his delirium he talked about crude-oil engines, and hard-boiled girls who were really maternal at heart, and graceful scamps. Williams insisted on a consultation Monday night. He recommended a specialist. Ann and Hiram went up when the great man made his examination.

He turned Dick over on his left side. Dick gasped and protested. The doctor held him firmly with his left hand while he gestured to Williams with his right. The gesture said as plain as speech: "The other lung is going." He let Dick drop over on his back and shrugged his shoulders.

Brenda and Ann followed him downstairs to the vestibule. Brenda handed him his fifty dollars.

"You think he isn't going to get through?" Brenda asked.

"I don't think he's got one chance in ten," said the doctor.

Brenda glared at him.

She went back upstairs and got Williams to tell her exactly what to do if the crisis came—the fan, the oxygen tank, the hypodermic injection. When the day nurse and Williams had gone she sat down beside Dick's bed and took his hand in hers. Ann stood watching. The scene touched her heart: Brenda so pale with want of sleep and so determined; Dick so helpless, with four days' beard on his face, his lips cracked with fever, his skin a pale, unwholesome yellow, his hair disheveled.

He stirred, opened his eyes. "Brenda," he said clearly.

She leaned over him. "Yes," she said tenderly.

"You won't ever leave me, will you?"

"No," she said.

"Not ever?" His hand clasped hers tightly.

"Never," she said.

Ann started out of the room to hide a tear. Brenda smiled at her. Ann smiled back.

"He doesn't know what he's saying," Brenda whispered.

"He knows what he wants," said Ann.

Two nights later, while Ann and Hiram were sitting over their coffee after dinner, a whistle shrilled through the house, the whistle you make by putting two fingers to your mouth.

"That's Brenda," Ann said.

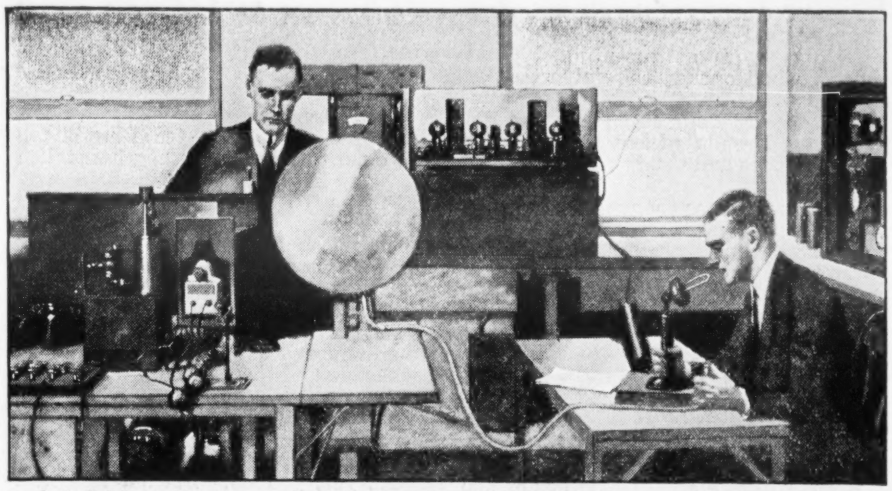
They ran up-stairs.

Dick Richards had turned a curious pale deathly green; his lips were blue; his breath came in quick gasps. Brenda stood beside him fanning the air into him with a folded newspaper.

"Ann," she said, "take the fan. Hiram, get that tank open. The wrench is on the mantel."

Ann took the fan. Brenda jumped for the bottle of alcohol and a bit of gauze. With quick fingers she wiped his upper arm with alcohol, caught up a fold of skin in her thumb and finger,

(*Continued on page 30*)



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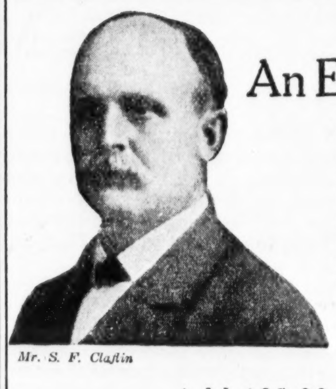

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The Graceful Scamp

Continued from page 29

plunged the needle of the glistening silver syringe.

Hiram swore at the tank. Three times he had opened the valve too far and the rush of gas had blown the rubber tube off. The fourth time he got it right. Brenda picked up the little wooden nozzle and put it between Dick's teeth.

For five minutes they watched, while Dick lay as if dead. After five minutes his color began to change.

"He's coming back," Brenda said coolly. "Call the doctor."

By the time the doctor came Dick was bathed in sweat.

"Well," said Williams, "he's passed that." He smiled. "The boy's going to get well," he said confidently.

Brenda looked him in the eye. "You mean that?" she asked.

The young doctor nodded.

Brenda turned and rushed out of the room. Ann ran after her, caught up with her in the hall, put an arm around her. Brenda clung to her, sobbing.

"There, there, BB," Ann said.

Brenda straightened up, shook herself, smiled. "I was so afraid he was going to die," she said.

"He would, too, if it hadn't been for you, BB," Ann said. "You've done the most unselfish thing I ever heard of."

Brenda turned, looked out of the window, the tears running down her cheeks.

"It isn't unselfish—a bit," she said. "It's the m-m-m-most selfish thing in the w-w-world."

"You mean you've fallen in love with him, BB?"

Brenda did not answer for a moment. Her lips quivered. "Y-y-yes," she said.

"You poor dear!" Ann said, and hugged her.

Ann told Hiram about it that night—in her own way. "Brenda's going to marry that man," she said.

Hiram looked up from the evening paper. He was, like most artists, a determined follower of the comic strips.

"Does he know it?" Hiram asked.

"Not yet," Ann said. "But she'll take care of him while he's convalescing."

Hiram grinned. "If she does," he admitted, "she will."

But she didn't take care of Dick Richards during his convalescence.

On Saturday afternoon, while Brenda was at the offices of the Consolidated Film Company catching up with her job, an enormous Rolls-Royce paused in the snow outside Ann's door. Ann happened to see it and waited to see if it was stalled. And while she looked a fussy, middle-aged man and a woman, who was evidently his wife, and a doctor with a black bag in his hand, and two nurses in uniform, got out. In another moment one of them rang her doorbell. Ann went herself.

"Mr. Richards?" the fussy man asked. Ann guessed he was Dick's father.

"Three flights up," Ann said.

When Brenda got in at six o'clock, Dick was gone. Ann fed Brenda tea while she told her how they had taken him away in an ambulance.

"Did you say a Rolls-Royce, Ann?" Brenda asked.

"Absolutely," Ann said.

Brenda narrowed her eyes.

"A real Rolls—not a car with one of their radiators?"

"No," Ann said. "It was a Salamanca brougham, and I saw that long spring at the side and that steering wheel with the funny little levers."

"That sort of finishes me—doesn't it?" said Brenda.

"I don't see why," Ann said.

"Oh, yes, you do," Brenda told her. "If he were a poor boy—the son of a high-school principal, or a broker's clerk, or something, I could go and see him and they'd be nice to me. But he isn't. His people have got real money. He's got away from them and come down here to Pluma Gogg's to try being an artist. But now they've got him back, and they'll jolly well see that none of us has a chance to know him again."

That was exactly what Ann had guessed. She could not deny it.

"Well," said Brenda, "I'll go home and sleep all night and all day to-morrow and all to-morrow night."

SHE did not sleep all day Sunday because Ann rang her up the next morning at half past nine to tell her about the story in the morning "World."

"Read it to me, will you Ann?" Brenda said.

Ann read:

"Richard Richards, Jr., the inventor and engineer, was found by his parents yesterday, ill with pneumonia, in a one-room studio apartment in the series of houses known to artists everywhere as Pluma Gogg's.

"He was taken to the Richards home at Park Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street in a motor ambulance. It was said he had passed the crisis of the disease and would recover.

"Young Richards quarreled with his father, who is president of the Richards Marine Construction Company, last fall, and resigned his position as head of the engineering department. His resignation precipitated a crisis in the affairs of the company, as several other officers of the company resigned at the same time. It was said among young Richards's colleagues that he had gone abroad to work on a crude-oil engine he has long been interested in.

"Miss Pluma Gogg said last night that the young man had rented the studio some months ago, saying he was working on some drawings. She supposed he was an artist. Asked if there was anything unusual in his conduct, Miss Gogg replied 'Very.'

" 'What was unusual?' the reporter asked.

" 'He minded his own business strictly,' said Miss Gogg tartly.

"Richard Richards, Sr., refused to see reporters last night, but replied to telephone inquiries that his son would recover, in the opinion of physicians. Mr. Richards was indignant when asked if he did not think the circumstances of his son's being found were strange.

"The Richards Marine Construction Company is one of the largest producers of fine yachts in the world. Richard Richards, Jr., achieved fame shortly after he left college by his invention of the Richards piston and combustion chamber, now widely used in automobile, marine, and airplane engines. He has since then taken out more than a score of patents involving improvements in gasoline engines. Although he is not yet thirty years old, he is reputed to receive an income of a quarter of a million a year in royalties from his inventions."

"Don't read me any more," Brenda protested.

"That's all there is," Ann said.

"I feel like such a fool," Brenda said. "Telling him he was no good—that he'd never done anything."

"It was I who told you he was a graceful scamp," Ann said bravely. "I was a fool too."

"I'll—I'll come down and talk to you sometime, Ann," Brenda said. "I-I c-can't talk now."

"You go back to sleep," Ann said.

She turned to Hiram when she had rung off. "You know Hank," she said, "I'm not so sure we'll never see him again."

"Neither am I," Hiram said. "But I'm through guessing about that young man."

"I'm not," said Ann stoutly. "I guess that he'll be down here within a week."

It was, as a matter of fact, eight days later that Dick Richards called up Ann and asked if he might come down to tea. Ann rang up Brenda immediately. But, waiting for the wire to Brenda's desk, she decided not to tell Brenda the truth. Instead she demanded that Brenda come in for tea, and made no explanation.

The Salamanca brougham drew up in East Twenty-seventh Street at five o'clock. The chauffeur helped Dick out and rang the bell.

Ann, sitting in her drawing-room, wished suddenly that she had a piece of knitting—something—anything—to occupy her fingers.

He came in, looking pale and thin, but otherwise himself. Ann made him sit in a long chair beside the fire of cannel coal. Ann sat down behind the tea things. For a long minute they were silent. Ann couldn't think of what to say first.

"Well," he said at last, and smiled his wistful smile, "are we friends?"

"Of course we are," Ann said.

"Then tell me where I can find Brenda Berenson."

"She's doubtless at her office," Ann said.

"What office?"

"The Consolidated Film Company."

"May I use your telephone?" he asked.

"You needn't bother," Ann said. "She'll be here any minute—she's coming to tea."

Dick Richards got up out of his chair. "Really?" he asked.

"Really," Ann said.

Dick walked over to the window and looked out, and walked back to the fire.

"You'd better sit down," Ann said. "It won't be long."

"In that case," he answered, "I can stand up."

He walked over to the window again.

"Look here," he said to Ann. But he did not finish the sentence.

"Yes?" said Ann.

"Never mind," he said, "I'll ask her myself."

NEITHER said a word while they waited for Brenda to ring the bell. When she rang, Dick stiffened and stood waiting with his back to the fire.

She came in, her cheeks glowing.

"Why, hello, Dick," she said.

As Ann said to Hiram afterward, it was exactly as if they were casual acquaintances who often met at tea.

Ann was very busy with the tea things. Dick fidgeted. Only Brenda was cool.

"Look here, Brenda," he said suddenly. "I-I—do you remember a thing I said to you when I was ill?"

"You said a great many things," Brenda laughed.

"I mean a particular thing," Dick said. "I mean the time that doctor thought I was going to die—I knew he thought so by his gesture."

"You were unconscious," Brenda said. "You didn't kn—"

"I saw that gesture," Dick said. "I didn't want to die—I hated dying—but I thought he knew, of course."

"So did I, Dick," Brenda said softly.

He walked over to Brenda.

"And afterward," he said, "I asked you not to leave me—ever."

"I remember," Brenda said.

"And you said you wouldn't—ever."

"Yes," said Brenda.

"Well," said Dick, "I meant that."

Brenda looked up at him. "So did I, Dick," she said.

And then Ann remembered to leave the room.

The Mountain

Continued from page 18

unnecessary vigor and stood up, the bag in his hand. She touched his arm, smiling at him. "But you are kind," she said.

His eyes met hers again; and she saw them blank and burning, and she laughed in his face. He turned at that and strode toward the door; she went upon his heels, smiling behind his back.

DOWNSTAIRS she bade Jennie and her mother au revoir. "You must come down, later in the afternoon," she urged Jennie. "I'll expect you."

"When I can," Jennie promised; and she and her mother watched Dave and the dancer move away along the highroad, toward that woodland thoroughfare down which the van had gone.

"Well, there," said Mrs. Beard with a sigh of relief. "It's a comfort to have the house to ourselves again."

If for Dave these hours just gone had been full of stirring moments, disturbing and bewildering him, this was no less true of Jennie. Beginning with the morning of the day before, when Bob came upon her bathing in the pond, continuing through her meeting with him at the same spot in the moonlit evening, and their drawing together and the blending of their spirits in what had seemed to Jennie an indissoluble union, she had been in a condition of dreamy happiness that was often full of poignant pain.

Life had seemed ordered and serene, the future certain, the way open to a pleasant and eternal security in Bob's love. And into that moment had come the apparition of her father at first not recognized because of the burden he bore upon his back. She and Bob, hearing the approach of Dave before they saw him, watched him come nearer till at the wall the riddle was solved and they saw who he was and that it was a woman he bore.

It was then that Jennie, in sudden panic, fled away; and Bob, waiting for an instant so that his slower wits might read the riddle, followed her. They went swiftly through the birches, hurrying toward her home; said a reluctant good night there; and Bob drew back out of sight and watched the light in Jennie's window till Dave's approach drove him away.

Thereafter, with the coming of the dancer, Jennie had found herself swept into the outer borders of a new world. When they were abed, while the dancer's low tones painted their picture of an existence full of glamour, Jennie listened so intently that it seemed her whole existence was focused in the sense of hearing. And when at last, before sleeping, the strange woman declared that Jennie might be as she was, she left the girl a thought to relish with delight.

THE morning, the bright light of day, served to intensify rather than dim Jennie's wonder and her pleasure. Yet though she was engrossed in what she heard and in her own thoughts, she had not forgotten Bob. "I'll come past, to-morrow afternoon," he promised. And Jennie had said she would watch, and join him if she could. For this reason she had declined the dancer's immediate invitation.

Bob did come, and before her father had returned. From the kitchen window she saw him go afoot along the road toward the notch. Her mother was upstairs in her room, busy with chamber work; and Jennie fled after him and overtook him and went into his arms where the first turn of the road hid them from view. Because automobiles and teams might pass them, they withdrew a little into the shelter of the wood. There Jennie told him of the dancer's coming, and all that had followed upon the heels of that event.

It did not occur to young Holder to see in the incident any possible allurement for Jennie; it did not occur to him that anything definite might result from what had passed. Not naturally of a jealous disposition, this emotion was slow to wake him. And Jennie from some faint sentiment of reluctance, did not tell him how deeply she had been attracted by the prospect so lightly opened.

They had their hour together, and parted at last when Jennie said she must return to the house. He said he would come back that evening, after the others were abed, so that she might steal out and see him. And they kissed as though for a long farewell, and Jennie left him there and hurried home.

She had been gone longer than she realized, and found now, somewhat to her dismay, that it was too late to go to the pond before supper. The tasks involved in preparing that meal engaged her attention, and she went about them, wondering what she should do. She decided at last, that, since the evenings were long, she might go down after supper for a little while. Her eager thoughts caressed and treasured this decision. There were questions she wished to ask, so many things she wished to know.

So Jennie strove to mend her ways.

After supper, when the dishes were done, the sun was just setting. Close to an hour of partial daylight remained; enough, Jennie decided, for her to go to the pond and return. Dave, leaving the supper table, had departed to the barn, silent and morose. Jennie told her mother her intention—suggested that Mrs. Beard come along.

"No, I'm kind of tired," Mrs. Beard replied. "And the night air always makes me feel sickly. You better not go your own self, Jennie. Wait till morning."

"I feel like a walk," the girl said positively. "I guess I'll go."

Dave, busy in the barn, saw nothing of her going. She went along the road and found the way and turned into the wood. The sun had fully set, and dusk was thickening more swiftly than she had expected. Shadows hid her as she walked among the trees; she had some slight difficulty in seeing the obstacles—rocks, exposed roots, rutted ways—beneath her feet. Nevertheless she went on.

By and by she heard faintly through the still dusk a sound that made her pause to listen. A wailing sound like a cry, yet continuous as a cry is not, faint and persistent and insinuating. She went forward a step at a time, till presently she perceived a remote kinship between this sound and the jig of a violin, and remembered the dancer had said that Luigi played upon that instrument. The remembrance reassured her. So, too, did the faint scent of wood smoke which presently came to her nostrils.

But as she came nearer the source of the music, it laid a spell upon her. Luigi was playing no particular air; was rather fondling his instrument, evoking from it vague melodies, swift little passages.

It had never occurred to Jennie that she was one of those persons who respond to music; she was astonished to find that the tones, coming through the half dusk, were strangely disturbing and astonishingly moving. A little pulse beat in her throat, and now, and then again, for no reason in the world, her eyes filled with tears.

Yet she went forward, almost as though she were drawn against her will, and the nearer she came the more fully she fell under the music's spell, till, by and by, through a rift among the trees, she caught a glint of light where a small fire burned, and, pushing forward, found the camp before her eyes.

THE great van, its brown bulk blending with the shadows save where the firelight touched it, was nosed into an opening between two clumps of low cedar, its rear end with the door open facing the fire. This fire was built between two large stones, in the middle of a small opening among the trees where the turf was firm and only broken here and there by dark juniper clustering about a half-hidden stone.

On the one side the cedars and the van shut in this opening. The little pond lay beyond, its waters silver or black according as they were in light or shadow as dusk faded into night. Birches interspersed the low spruce and cedar ringed the spot. To the left, among the birches, Jennie saw the white slopes of a small tent pitched there.

She stood still for a few moments, watching the scene. Steve, the little chauffeur, was squatting on a rock that was lapped by the waters of the lake, washing dishes. A kettle of hot water stood at his elbow. He scoured another kettle with handfuls of sand. His back was turned toward where she stood, and he seemed as small as a boy. She had not fully appreciated until then how slight his stature was.

But she had only a glance for him. Her eyes were for Luigi and the dancer. Luigi sat on the lower step of the van, his feet firm upon the ground, his knees together, the violin under his chin, which seemed to caress it as the bow rose and fell, evoking now a sobbing melody which made the tears start to Jennie's eyes.

The dancer, with three or four soft cushions beneath her shoulders, lay on the other side of the fire and, facing it, her side turned toward where Jennie stood. She was indolently smoking a cigarette, and her head was tilted back, her eyes upturned toward where a star or two began to appear, points of light against a field of pale and silvery blue. Beyond her, against the sky, Jennie saw the rude bulk of the Mountain; and she had a curious impression that it seemed to frown.

The fire was only a flicker of flame, arising from the ends of two or three charred sticks burning out among the ashes. It was the imminent extinction of even these flames which at length broke the spell, for the dancer called in a low tone to Steve:

"Put some wood on, Angel!"

Steve brought two or three sticks from a dwindling heap at one side and laid them on the embers. After a moment they caught and their bright flames illumined the scene. He raised his eyes and so saw Jennie. His mouth widened in a smile of welcome.

"Why, hello, sister!" he exclaimed.

So Jennie moved and came slowly toward the fire.

STEVE'S tone more than what he said had caught the attention of Luigi; his eyes lifted from the violin, and he saw Jennie, moving into the firelight which threw splashes of yellow radiance against her white gown and illumined her heavy hair. He ceased playing to stare at her. At the same time the dancer rose from where she lay among the cushions, rose with a single movement as effortless and full of grace as that with which a cat comes to its feet; and she exclaimed in a tone of surprised welcome: "But you have startled me! I began to think you would not come at all."

"I couldn't, this afternoon," Jennie explained. "And after supper there were dishes to do."

The dancer caught up one of Jennie's hands and held it toward Luigi and spoke to him in his own tongue, indignantly. "I'm telling him how shameful it is that such hands as yours must busy themselves so," she explained to Jennie.

"I was listening to him play," Jennie said thoughtfully.

The other looked at her with shrewd eyes. "Were you pleased?"

"It made me cry," Jennie told her, smiling apologetically. "But I liked it."

Steve had approached them, had stood awkwardly by, waiting for a chance to speak. Now he exclaimed: "He's some fiddler, all right. Glad to have you among us, sister."

The dancer thrust her arm through Jennie's and said: "Come over here with me. I want Luigi to see you, child. He is an expert in such matters. Oh, ugly and repulsive as a toad, if you must look at him, but a great man, just the same, with soul in him, and fire, and an eye for beauty. He will say the truth too. Let him see you."

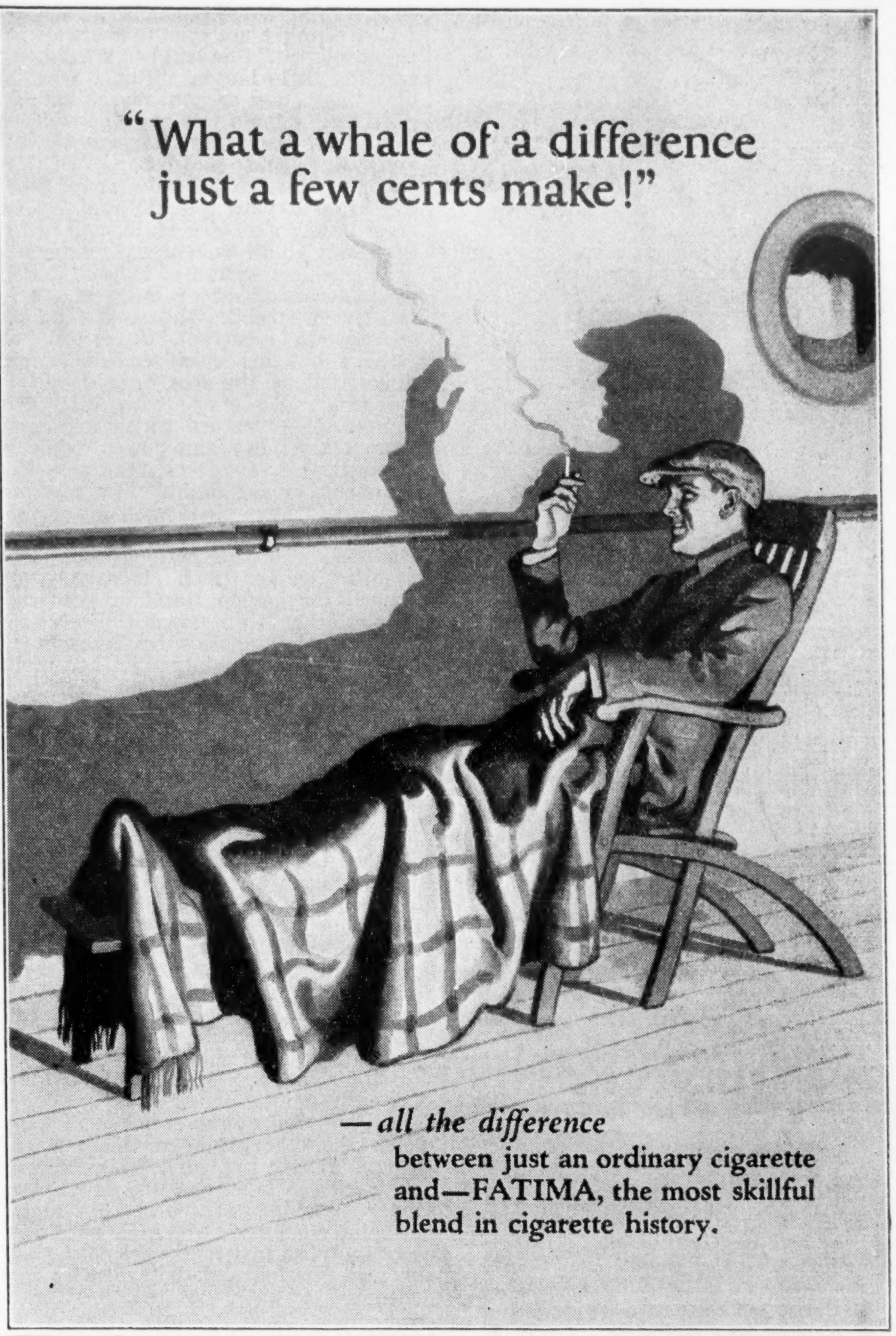
Jennie, obeying the other's hand, nevertheless asked uncertainly: "See me?"

"I have told him about you," the woman explained. "What I said to you: that you had the gift of grace and beauty of line; that you could dance if you chose. The only thing I did not know was the music; whether you had the heart for music; the feeling for it. But you wept when he played; and even I, though I am moved by such things, I did not weep, do you see?"

"I expect you're used to it," Jennie suggested sensibly.

The dancer's eyes were thoughtful, almost wistful. "Yes, yes. I am used

(*Continued on page 32*)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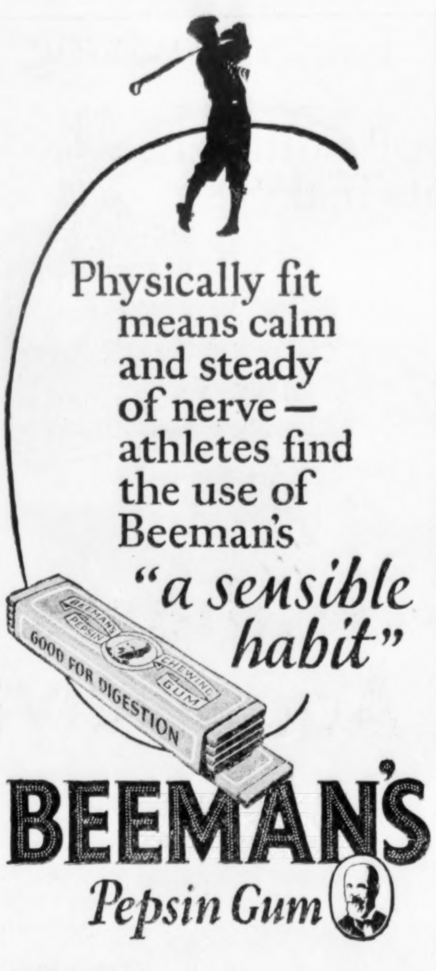

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The Mountain

Continued from page 31

to it, as you say. I remember, when I was younger my eyes used sometimes to burn." She laughed, a hard, reckless little laugh. "But I was never as young as you, my child."

"Why?" Jennie was quite bewildered.

"I knew too many things not worth knowing," said the other, her tone faintly bitter. Her head drooped; then she lifted it with a smile again. Jennie vaguely felt a certain courage in this smile, and liked the dancer for it.

Still thus speaking together, they had come in front of Luigi where he sat, the fire behind them. He did not attempt to interrupt their talk together; but his eyes studied Jennie, silhouetted as she was in the light of the fire. She stood with both feet planted, that posture which in a man expresses solidity and power, while in a woman it suggests readiness for movement or for flight. For where a man would have stood with his weight on his heels, Jennie's weight was on her toes, and this without conscious intention on her part. It was simply natural for her to stand in this way. Through her thin gown the firelight shone, so that he saw her knees were straight and the jointure of her limbs was fine. He was content to watch her, study her until they chose to speak to him.

The dancer spoke to him at last, and Jennie listened, understanding no word they said. A person less simple might have been embarrassed by the situation in which Jennie thus found herself, but the young girl had that natural dignity which such a life as hers had been so often gives. She was interested, but she was, while their colloquy continued, neither awkward nor ashamed. Once or twice, to illustrate some point she made, the dancer touched her, lifting Jennie's arm, twisting her around, running a hand down her back or side.

Jennie had seen her father thus display the points of a colt; she was faintly amused at the seriousness with which the others viewed this matter. But the dancer had turned her so that she faced the lake, and she saw Steve there, watching her, and this made her faintly uneasy. The little man was so friendly, so insistently friendly, that she was puzzled and disturbed by his attitude.

THE dancer spoke to Jennie at last, while Luigi smiled and watched the girl. "Walk," she bade Jennie. "Walk around." Her eyes were shining.

Jennie asked in some small bewilderment: "What do you mean?"

"I want him to see the way you move, child," the dancer explained, and her eyes were shining. "Just walk as you always do, around the fire, along the edge of the trees, and back to us here."

The girl hesitated, then while her heart lifted its beat a little, she did as she was bid. She walked gravely away from them toward where Steve stood by the shore; and she saw his grin, illumined by the firelight. As she passed him he said in a low voice: "You're there, sister!" She went on, her cheeks warm with faint pleasure at even his approval—turned away from the pond to round the little opening among the trees, and so came back at last to where Luigi and the dancer chattered together. Luigi uttered an insistent phrase; and the dancer interpreted. "Run," she told Jennie. "Run away from us, as fast as you can, up the old road a little way; and then turn and run back to me here."

Jennie hesitated, uncertainly, not because she was embarrassed, but because she did not understand. "How?" she asked; and the dancer cried impatiently:

"Thus! As I do!"

With the word, she herself fled along the way she had indicated to Jennie. She still wore the leather jacket and knickerbockers; and her figure, thus darkly clad, merged into the shadows beyond the fire so that she vanished with an effect almost magical, and Jennie had a moment's vague impression that she had caught a glimpse of some fleeing creature of the woods. She was reminded how one day in the preceding summer she had come upon a deer in a cove of this same pond; remembered the creature's quick leap to shelter, and how its coat blended with the cover as it disappeared. Then the dancer was returning toward them, arms high and flung forward as though she flew. So she came to Jennie's side again. "Just that," she explained, her breath unhurried.

Jennie obeyed. She ran away from them a little uncertainly, her eyes, blinded by the fire, finding some difficulty in choosing clear ground upon which to set her feet. But when in the old road she turned and started back again, she came swiftly; and she threw up her arms as the other had done. Luigi and the dancer watched her critically as she approached, and when she stopped again they exclaimed with approval, and once more spoke together. The dancer said to Jennie: "It is wonderful, child! You are as unspoiled as though you had never worn clothes at all."

TO JENNIE her own physical perfection was a matter of course, to which she gave little thought. So she could not help smiling at the other's enthusiasm. "I have, though," she replied.

"But who told you not to lift your knees when you run? Who showed you how to point your toes?"

"I didn't want my skirt to fly up," Jennie said simply.

The other looked at her with quick interest. "You wish your legs not to appear?" she asked.

Jennie flushed, but she nodded. "Yes."

"When I dance," the other told her, "I wear not even stockings on my legs."

Jennie considered this. "You don't mind doing it?"

"I am beautiful," said the woman proudly. "Those who come to see me dance come to see beauty. Why should I cheat them?"

The girl's eyes were puzzled and afraid, and the professional went on more swiftly. "It is because you do not know about such matters," she cried. "People like those among whom you live hide themselves and think ugly things about that which is hidden. But there is nothing more beautiful than—your body, child. I know that. And it is always well to see beautiful things. It is for that we are here, in this world: to find beauty and adore it. Have you ever seen a beautiful picture? But, no—you would not. There are so many things you have not seen. So many things you should be led to see. I said last night that you could dance as well as I. Such a one as you I have never seen, among those who come to be taught dancing—never one with such endowments. You are beautiful when you are still, and also when you are moving, and this without being taught. Also you are strong, as strong as I. And the music is in you. It needs only that you be taught." Her tone had been almost ardent. "But if you will not show your legs!" she added, faintly scornful, and fell silent.

Jennie stood still for a moment, trembling for some reason she could not define. "I don't know anything about it," she said hesitantly.

The other's tone warmed affectionately. "You are a child," she agreed. "How old are you?" Jennie told her, and the dancer threw up her hands in astonishment. "But I might have known." She became more eager, started to speak, then caught herself and turned to Luigi. For a considerable space they spoke together, and at last Luigi took his violin. The dancer turned to Jennie.

"He is a stupid one," she said apologetically. "But also he is very wise. And he has many friends. He wants to play for you now, wants you to dance, wants to see what there is in you that answers to the music. Will you do it?"

"I don't know how," Jennie said. Her eyes were shining wistfully. "I—don't know how."

"Would you like to go away with me, to study, to practice; and then in the end to dance? In great theaters, with the light shining upon you; in beautiful clothes, to fine music. And people would adore you and poets would sing to you—"

Jennie stood still, her eyes drooping. This had been in her thoughts since the night before, but never so definitely as now that it had been put into words. She had no answer ready, no decision made. And before she could reply Luigi began to play upon his violin. The dancer fell back, and Jennie looked and saw that they were watching her.

She knew nothing of dancing save for that brief experience in East Harbor. But that had stayed with her, so that for months afterwards, when she was alone, she moved in time with a rhythm that beat through her inner consciousness. And at times, idly, because the sun shone or because her thoughts were pleasant, she had lifted her arms, turning, wheeling, posturing to this inaudible music.

The tune which Luigi now played—for he was wise enough to play a tune—had a little beat in it not unlike that to which she had been accustomed, and she stood for a moment till she caught this beat, and then uncertainly began to move.

Her arms at first hung at her sides, swinging a little with her movements, but her body swayed as she stepped, swayed almost imperceptibly.

She did little more than walk, but the length of her steps varied, so that now she fronted the pond, now toward the fire, and when she was beyond the fire she swung about, facing them. At the same time she felt, like a pulse in her own breast, the beat of the music quicken and change, and instinctively she sought to follow it. Her hands rose from her sides and her arms lifted till they were extended, serving as balances while she slowly progressed or revolved.

It was as though she were in the arms of a skilful partner, as though Luigi controlled her with his bow.

WHEN she came face to face with them again, she saw that she had pleased them. Luigi's eyes were shining, protruding from his dark cheeks, and the dancer herself smiled and caught Jennie in her arms. The music had crept into her blood too; she had found herself moving as Jennie moved, but without stirring from where she stood.

Now Jennie said apologetically: "You see, I don't know anything about it. I didn't know what you wanted me to do."

The other asked in a voice astonishingly husky: "You have never seen dancing?"

Jennie shook her head: "No."

The dancer spoke to Luigi, and he smiled in broad delight, the violin still whispering against his ear. And the woman said to Jennie:

"I will dance here for you. So you shall see."

She fled into the van to make ready. Jennie, turning away, perceived that the moon had risen above the shoulder of the Mountain, flooding the little space about the fire with light. She should have gone home before now; her father would be coming to seek her. But she could not go until she had seen the strange woman dance.

A voice from within the van bade Steve replenish the fire, and he did so. Then he came to Jennie's side and drew her toward the pond. "Sit down here," he urged. "Leave him alone."

Luigi had become absorbed in his instrument and paid them no attention. Jennie obeyed the chauffeur's suggestion, sitting on cushions which he placed against a tree. He sat close beside her, but she was hardly conscious he was there. From the van the dancer called: "A minute now."

The fresh sticks caught and burst into flame and the suddenly increased illumination was like the rising of the curtain on a stage.

(To be continued next week)

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Before answering the specific question, let us consider the facts. We all know that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Well, a radio set also has its limitations so far as sensitivity is concerned. This is governed by a factor known as the static level. Here is the explanation:

In theory we can continue increasing amplification up to the limits of capacity of the vacuum tubes we employ. In practice, however, we are confronted with this situation: Suppose we have a set that is capable of regularly responding to broadcast stations three thousand miles away. We can use this set on the Atlantic Coast and bring in Pacific Coast stations, but—

Ah! that little word "but." Our receiver is no respecter of direction. It will reproduce everything within three thousand miles to the north, south, and east, as well as the west. The tropical ether is in a constant state of turmoil from static discharge. Our set will reproduce and amplify that static just as readily as it does the music from the Pacific. Music destroyed by noise is not entertaining. What availeth it therefore to have a supersensitive set which goes below the static level?

Mysteries of Distance Reception

THE real trouble with distance reception lies at the transmitting end. Broadcasting stations in this country are limited by law to one kilowatt of power. This means one thousand watts. There is only one corporation which under the patent laws can manufacture such stations for sale. This company has specialized on a set employing 500 watts, or one half the power permitted by law.

If we had a broadcasting station with a power of 300 kilowatts (300,000 watts), it could be heard any time over a radius of 3,000 miles with the average sensitive receiver. In this case the static level would not bother us, because the ratio of signal strength to static would be sufficiently greater to permit good reception.

Under present conditions the average Class B broadcast station has a reliable range of only two hundred miles. Reception over greater distances than this can only be accomplished at night. It is due at the time to freakish conditions in the ether, of which we know little or nothing.

Signal or Static?

IN ORDER to receive distant stations at night it is necessary to put our sets in a more sensitive condition than we do for local stations. This is unconsciously done when we increase the current flowing through the tube filaments. We bring this about by turning the rheostats up further.

It is when hunting for distance that we encounter some very peculiar results. For instance a fan in New York City may hear one of the St. Louis stations very loud, clear, and strong. Yet when he tries to bring in a Boston station all he gets is noise.

This condition is terribly confusing to fans. It is equally difficult to explain. In fact, there is no explanation, because we do not know the direct causes. The only thing we can do, in an attempt to explain, is to recite the known facts.

It is all a question of the ratio of signal to static. In other words: "Which is stronger of the two—signal or static?" Our set being in a very sensitive condition will reproduce any static that is present anywhere within its range. That range may be two thousand miles or more in every direction. We may be getting signals from Boston, but their strength is so weak that we cannot distinguish them above the static.

The strength of the signal which we hear in our sets is determined by the field strength of that signal at our aerial. If the field strength of the signal is greater than the field strength of the static, we'll get good results. If not—well, you know the answer. It is just noise.

Wave Traps

WHILE I am on this question of sensitivity I might say this: From an engineering point of view the soundest system of amplification is that which employs tuned radio frequency circuits. It is of no value to increase the range of a set unless we increase the selectivity at the same time. This can be done only by having a system which permits us to tune each circuit into resonance with the frequency of the carrier wave of the station we want to listen to. This sounds terrible no doubt, but it can be explained very simply.

For instance, we know perfectly well that it is much easier for a burglar to break into a safe that has only one combination than it is for him to crack a safe that has three combinations. Well, an unwanted wave has far greater difficulty in passing through a set equipped with three tuned circuits than it has in passing through a set with only one. As a matter of fact, if it is a continuous wave, constant in frequency, it cannot go through at all.

That is the reason tuned radio frequency amplification is the soundest principle in radio engineering. The great difficulty hitherto has been in designing such a system so that regenerative effects would not destroy its practical value. Proper neutralization of this effect retarded the development of tuned radio amplification. It has been successfully accomplished in one well-known principle without any attending losses in efficiency.

The great value of tuned stages in radio frequency amplification is that each stage acts as a wave trap.

What is Aerial Length?

A DOCTOR in San Francisco has written me a letter regarding his aerial. He was a little puzzled about computing its length. It was so erected that a part was strung between two masts on the roof, and an equal part came downward before entering the house. He was not quite sure whether to count all of the wire, or only just that section between the masts.

Well, Doctor, this is a very important question, because it involves the selectivity of the receiving set. The answer is that every inch of the wire is counted, no matter where it happens to be. The wire in the ground connection also affects the aerial circuit. The whole combination, for the broadcast wave lengths, should not exceed one hundred feet under any circumstances. Seventy-five feet is better still. No matter how good a set may be in design, too long an aerial will destroy its selectivity.

Famous shaving specialists created it!

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"I DID not realize how fine a preparation made expressly for after-shaving use could be," writes a Sales Manager about Aqua Velva.

Aqua Velva is unlike anything ever offered for after-shaving use. This new Williams preparation conserves the natural moisture of the skin. Many things take moisture away! Yet careful study of the skin shows that after shaving it needs to have its moisture conserved.

Just as Aqua Velva differs in principle, so, too, it differs in its effect when you put it on. Here is what it does:

- *— cools, soothes, protects the skin*
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- *— gives first aid to little nicks and cuts*
- *— delights with its fresh, man-style fragrance*

If your face is sensitive to sun and wind, if hard water roughens and chaps it, you will find renewed comfort each day in Aqua Velva. It keeps the skin smiling! A few drops after shaving and you look better (all face-shine gone) and feel better: your face soothed and comfortable.

Large 5-ounce bottle 50c (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing per day—only a few drops needed. *By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

"Keeps the skin smiling"

Just a few drops needed

By the makers of Williams Shaving Soap

Try it free!

We'll gladly send you a free "150 drop" test bottle of Aqua Velva. Fill in your name and address below and mail to

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Address ______________________

THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

MORE or less in levity, a reader proposes through the Horizon that the right to vote be withheld unless the voters have first proved that they know more about, for instance Charles G. Dawes, than his famous pet cuss word. We hope this correspondent's statistics on lack of information wouldn't hold good throughout the electorate. We're certain they wouldn't for any given hundred of Collier's readers!

WE ALL KNOW the eligible voter who kicks on the way the country is run and on the people who gain office—but doesn't take the trouble to register and vote. There is a particularly important job of voting to be done this Presidential year. The country will express its preferences among leaders and policies that will mean much to everybody's interests through at least four years to come. That is why Collier's is joining in with the efforts of the organizations whose aim is to get out as big a vote as possible, and make "election day aliens" far scarcer than they were in 1920, when they outnumbered the eligible voters who went to the polls. We have already been at it in several issues. Next week Boyden Sparkes goes to bat with an article, the first of three, that considers the whys and wherefores of the recent big stay-at-home votes. He shows, for one thing, which states seem content to be ruled by the suffrage of minorities.

* * *

IF ORPHANAGES and like institutions are at best an inferior way to raise children, as Harold Cary has pretty well demonstrated in two articles on the subject, then the right way to raise them must be the natural way, in a good home, and the foremost experts on child rearing are agreed that it is. But what is a good home for this purpose? And how much can we learn from institutions' unavoidable shortcomings about making the most of our homes for it, and of ourselves as fathers and mothers? Mr. Cary gives the answers. Unless you are like Rousseau, the curious genius who championed education and domesticity and sent his own children to a foundlings' asylum, you will find them well worth while.

The Substance of Fame

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am thinking of organizing a society to campaign for an information qualification for would-be voters. I would have them pass a brief test of their information on men and affairs before they were allowed to mark a ballot. Would-be immigrants are tested in this way, and the voters need it worse than they do.

Since the Republican convention I have amused myself by asking one hundred people of voting age, fifty men and fifty women, to tell me how much they knew about Gen. Dawes. That surely was not a rigorous test, was it? Any newspaper reader who can't tell you more than one thing about Gen. Dawes has himself to blame.

I purposely picked my hundred from among people known to me as being of at least average intelligence, for it wasn't an intelligence test that I was after. How many knew more than the one thing—which was, of course, that he had said "Hell and Maria"? Forty-seven did, and ten of those just knew that he had recently served on a reparations commission, as most of them called it. A few women "supposed he had been in the war," which I ruled didn't count in the test.

The prize, I think, was taken by a woman, although several men ran her close. She said, "He's the kind of man they ought to be running for President! We want men that aren't afraid to speak out, not Presidents who sit around saying nothing and dodging issues!" When I asked her what she meant, she said Dawes had said Hell and Maria; she didn't know to whom, or about what, or in what circumstances. But she was sure it was fine of him to say it.

By the way, this is a commentary on politics. Regardless of the general's other qualifications, which I admire greatly, do you think he'd be a candidate if he *hadn't* said Hell and Maria? On your life he would not!

"PUCK," Cincinnati, O.

"—To Spite His Face"

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have read your recent articles about the citizen's duty to vote, and believe that you would welcome the views of a disgusted "what's-the-use" vote slacker.

In 1916 the citizens of New York sent to both houses of the state legislature a few candidates that did not belong to the two major parties. These men were expelled from office for no other reason than that they held different views from their colleagues. In the following year they were sent back and were again expelled. Then we citizens were jolted again by the repeal of the direct primary law with the following result—five judges that had served society faithfully were refused renomination by the party bosses and we had no choice but to vote for the handpicked candidates, as the other party did the same.

Now I come to the Cleveland convention. The party bosses renounced and condemned the senators who did the righteous thing in asking that the "oily" men be read out of the party. What kind of rebirth of faith can you expect from us? I also call attention to the appointment of Federal judges by the President. He, who only serves four years, has the power to appoint judges for life, men who do not have to answer to the people, men who always favor the utility corporations. Give us direct nominations and the recall and we will run and not walk to the polls.

JACK BROWN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Let's take Mr. Brown's reasons for not voting at their face value for a moment, and assume that he is as right about direct primaries, the Cleveland convention, and the predilections of appointed Federal judges as he unquestionably is about that expulsion of Socialists from the New York legislature. Even so, does he expect to improve these things by staying away from the polls?

A Slandered Institution

To the Editor of Collier's:

Will somebody please write a good long piece of fiction to these specifications: the hero and heroine marry in youth along about Chapter Three and are happy and contented with each other till they die, which happens in their old age, at the end? It may seem a dull idea, and I know there are not many precedents, but if the author will pitch in plenty of highwaymen and buried treasures and detectives and automobile accidents and battles with bootleggers maybe he will sugar-coat the pill so the public will swallow it.

If he does, I believe he will do the world a service. The kids are grown gun-shy of marrying. They have heard so much about every marriage being a dreary failure that they will disbelieve their own eyes (everybody has more than one happy and successful marriage within his field of observation) and assert that it is true. Apparently they got the impression for the most part from reading novels, and I think the novelists ought to set it right. At least I am glad to see some of Collier's' authors taking falls out of this newfangled three-breakfasts-a-week plan and theory. Great Cæsar! The world has got to be peopled!

"DARBY, HUSBAND OF JOAN,"
Bangor, Me.

A Notification Speech

To the Editor of Collier's:

I pause to notify you that more solid common sense is packed into the fourteen lines of your editorial captioned "What to Do With the Truth" than into any other editorial I ever have seen. The quotations from Prof. Erskine, President Coolidge, and Mr. Wells are pat and perfect. Unless bulwarked by moral force, intelligence is a menace and erudition a malady. "Mere intelligence is not enough."

ROBERTUS LOVE, St. Louis, Mo.

How the Moon Got Regular

To the Editor of Collier's:

Anent your comment on the bill introduced in the Ohio legislature to regulate the temperature, I agree with you—for why not? There is a precedent. Some years ago, during the monarchy in Hawaii, a member of a Hawaiian legislature at Honolulu introduced a bill to fix the changes of the moon, and another member introduced one to regulate the changes of the tides. As a result of the action by the legislature, both have been regular ever since.

LESLIE BURR, Willits, Cal.

Do These Dilemmas Exist?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Now that the child labor amendment is before us, with Collier's full support, I should be glad of your opinion of certain features. Do you not think that the age limit is too high? Personally, I do. So many boys are practically full grown at eighteen, and where there are a great many children in a poor family—it is most always poor parents who have big families—how can these poor parents support them all to that age, unaided by the boys themselves? Two or three big hulking boys around the house, adding nothing to the earning capacity of the home and protected from compulsion by Uncle Sam—is that a desirable situation?

Some of these boys and girls will be forced to work before they are eighteen. Then what? Will the erring ones be placed in institutions, where they will perhaps be forced to work, regardless of the law?

There are numbers of children now under care of courts and institutions who are forced to work. Will they be allowed the advantage of the amendment, should it be approved?

"T.," Washington, D. C.

Fully supporting the amendment, as "T." says, Collier's passes his questions on to the Horizon's town meeting to answer. The answers to them all seem plain and easy, as answering objectors to the child labor amendment invariably does.

The Scientific Laborer's Hire

To the Editor of Collier's:

You deplore the lack of men to carry on scientific research in the industries. You are correct in stating that men of scientific spirit with real training are necessary, and again in speaking of the need of training in abstract principles in order to solve the practical problems.

The men of the type of whom you speak are fairly numerous, but they are not in the industries. And why?

To obtain the education you speak of a man must spend from four to seven years at the most intensive and difficult work. When he has finished his arduous preparation and is ready to step in to help the commercial world solve its problems, what recompense do you think the manufacturers consider sufficient for the first few years? Ninety to one hundred and twenty dollars a month! Put yourself in our place—after several years of thankless and trying study, to be offered less than the office girls receive.

JOHN C. HAMMOND, Columbus, O.

John Henry Backs Up Tommy

To the Editor of Collier's:

If Tommy Hatch, who wrote you about your serial story, "Coming Through," read a previous serial, "The Magnificent," he has reason to believe that Reubens, the unscrupulous ironmaster in "Coming Through," will be glorified in the end. "The Magnificent" was. We all were disgusted with the outcome of that story, and don't read any more by that author.

JOHN HENRY, Chicago, Ill.

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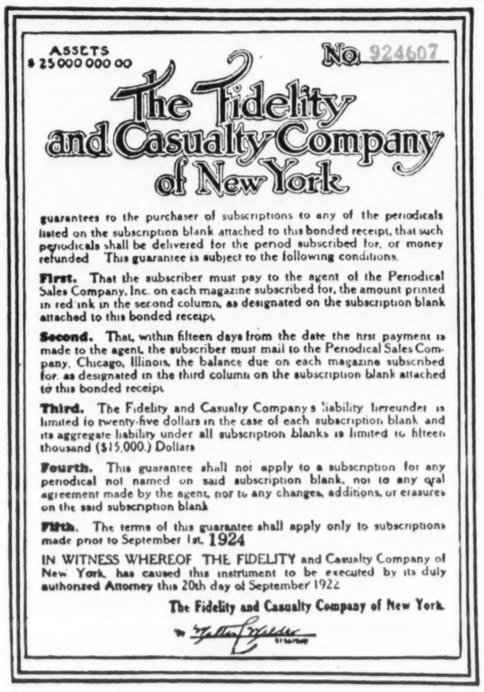

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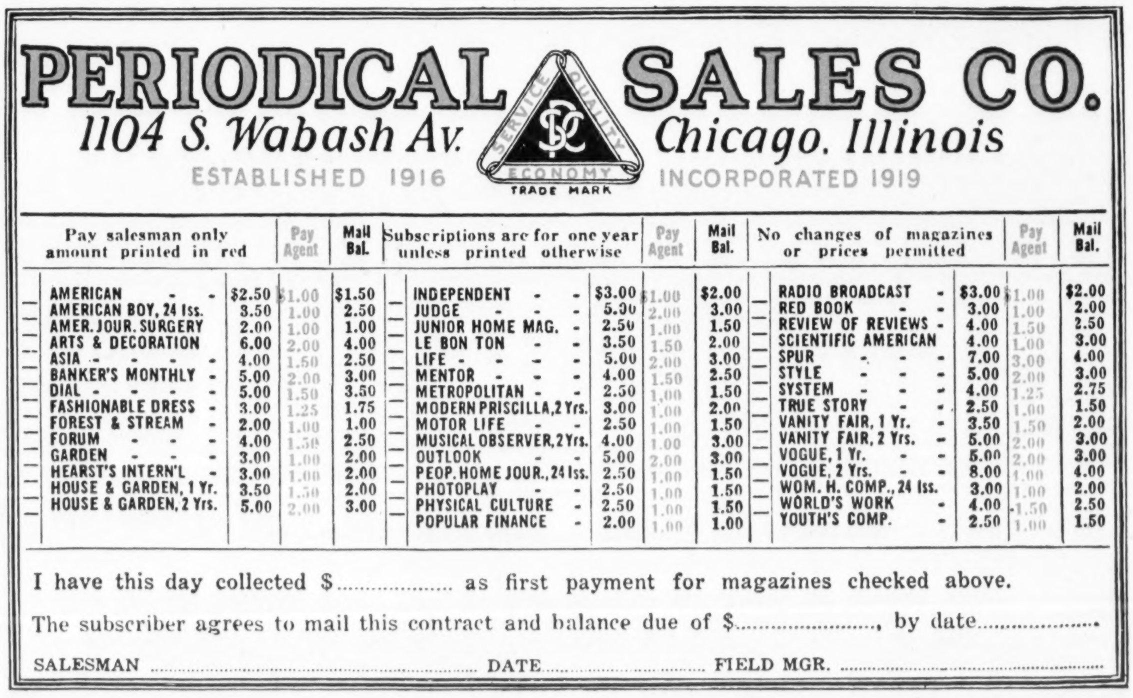

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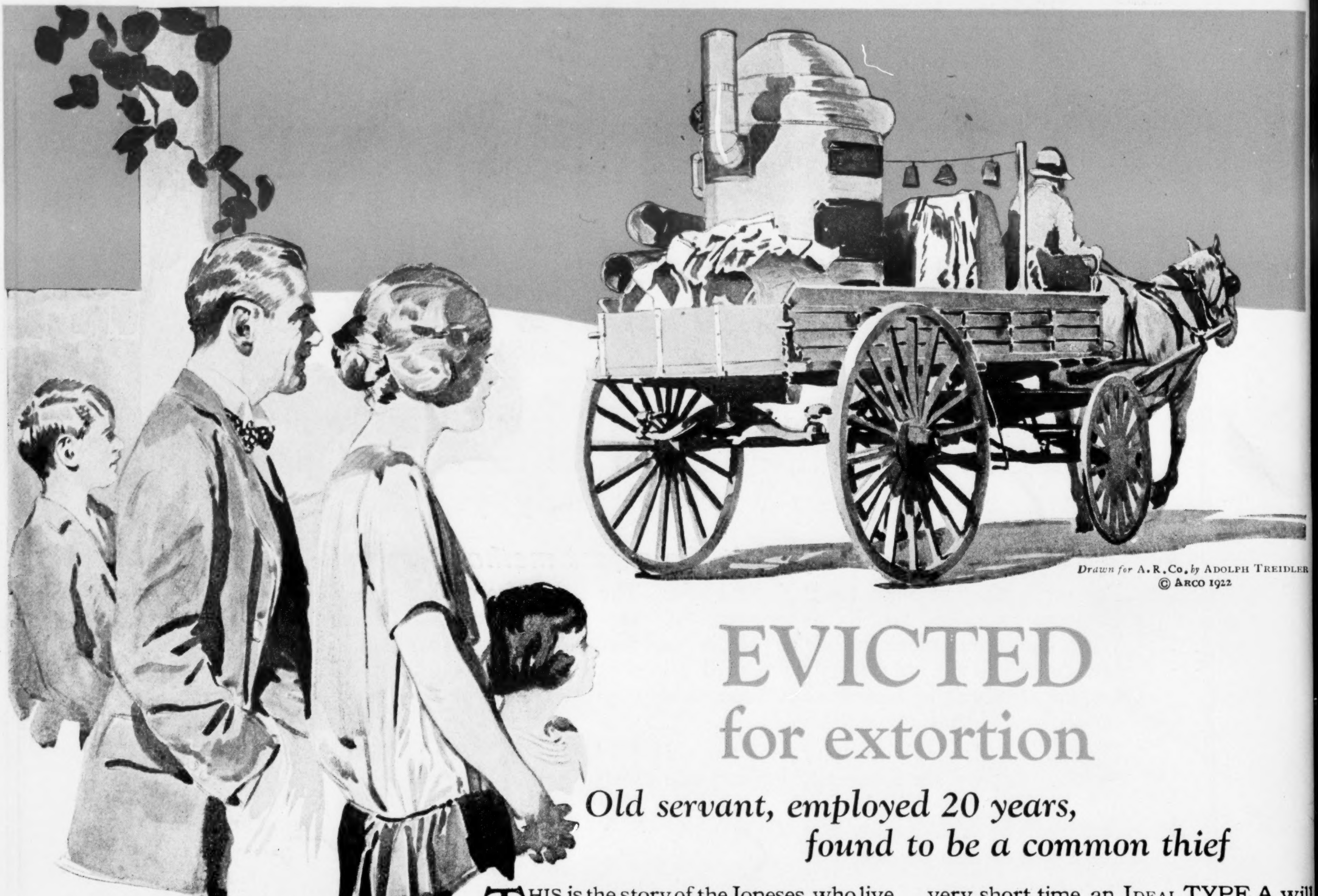

Drawn for A. R. Co. by ADOLPH TREIDLER
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EVICTED for extortion

Old servant, employed 20 years, found to be a common thief

In these days of high fuel cost, an old-fashioned heating plant is a wasteful extravagance.

THIS is the story of the Joneses, who live in an attractive suburb. The dishonest servant was their old-fashioned heater. Fuel bills had been terrible, but the Joneses thought that the cost of replacing the old coal waster would be more terrible.

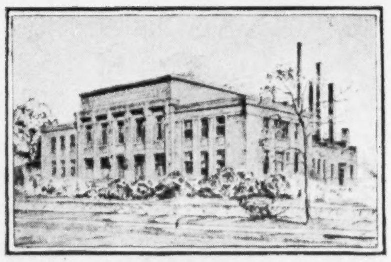
One day they made a great discovery.

They added up their fuel bills for 20 years and divided the total by three, which gave them the amount that an IDEAL TYPE A Boiler would save.

They were astonished. "Why, in a very short time an IDEAL TYPE A will pay for itself," they exclaimed, "and thereafter it will put a good round sum into the bank every year."

When Mr. Jones is convinced about a thing, he does something about it. The picture above is the last chapter; the old thieving servant has been evicted and an IDEAL TYPE A Boiler is in its place.

Don't you think that there is a good moral in this story for *you?* Write for the book Jones wrote for and get the full facts.



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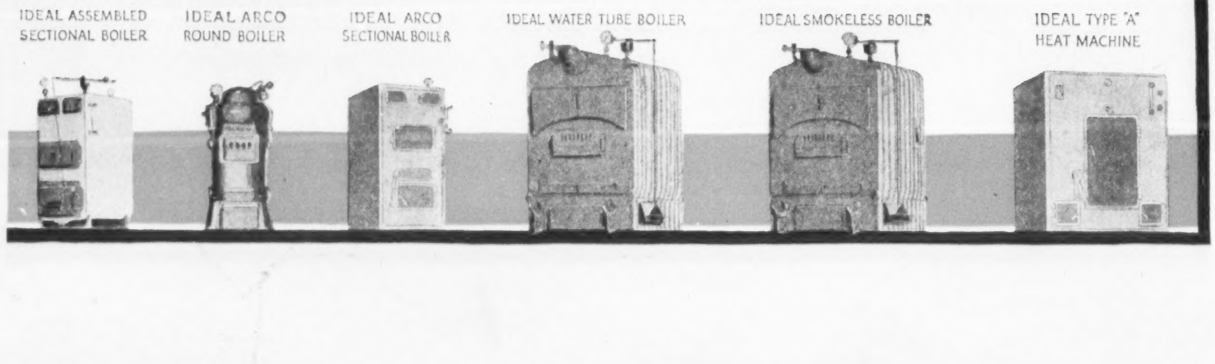
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